

The Sketch

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ONE SHILLING.



THE "CAT" WIFE IN A FEATHER SKULL-CAP! MLLÉ. NIKITINA.

Mlle. Nikitina, a *prima ballerina* of the Diaghileff Ballet, at the Princes Theatre, dances the name-part in "The Cat," the new ballet founded on *Æsop's* fable of the man who fell in love with a cat, and prayed that she might become a woman, only to find that mice still

interested her more than men! Above we give a fascinating photograph of Mlle. Nikitina wearing one of the latest hats—a dainty affair of feathers made just like a skull-cap, but provided with ear-pieces which jut out across each cheek.—[Photograph by Peter Powell.]



WITH MRS. KEITH NEWALL: MRS. MCKENNA,
WITH OVERSOCKS AND BÉRET.



WATCHING PLAYERS DRIVING OFF: THE MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN AND
AVA, MRS. EUAN WALLACE, AND CAPTAIN BUCKMASTER.



WITH HIS NIECE, THE
THE MARQUESS OF



WITH MRS. KEIR (CENTRE): VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS
CHAPLIN.



ENJOYING A CUP OF TEA: MRS. THOMPSON, MISS GLADYS COOPER, MR. COVELL
(STANDING), THE EARL OF PORTARLINGTON, AND MISS CHILDS.

GATHERED AT LE TOUQUET FOR THE BUCK'S CLUB TOURNAMENT:

Le Touquet is one of Society's favourite playgrounds, and many well-known folk dashed over there in order to compete in Buck's Club Golf Tournament, which was won by Mr. Cyril Tolley, or to watch the progress of the contest. Mrs. Euan Wallace is the wife of Major Euan Wallace, and the elder daughter of Sir Edwin Lutyens, the distinguished architect, and of Lady Emily Lutyens.—The Hon. Eileen Plunket is a daughter of the late Lord Plunket, and of Lady Victoria Braithwaite, who is a sister of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. Lady Victoria married Lieutenant-Colonel



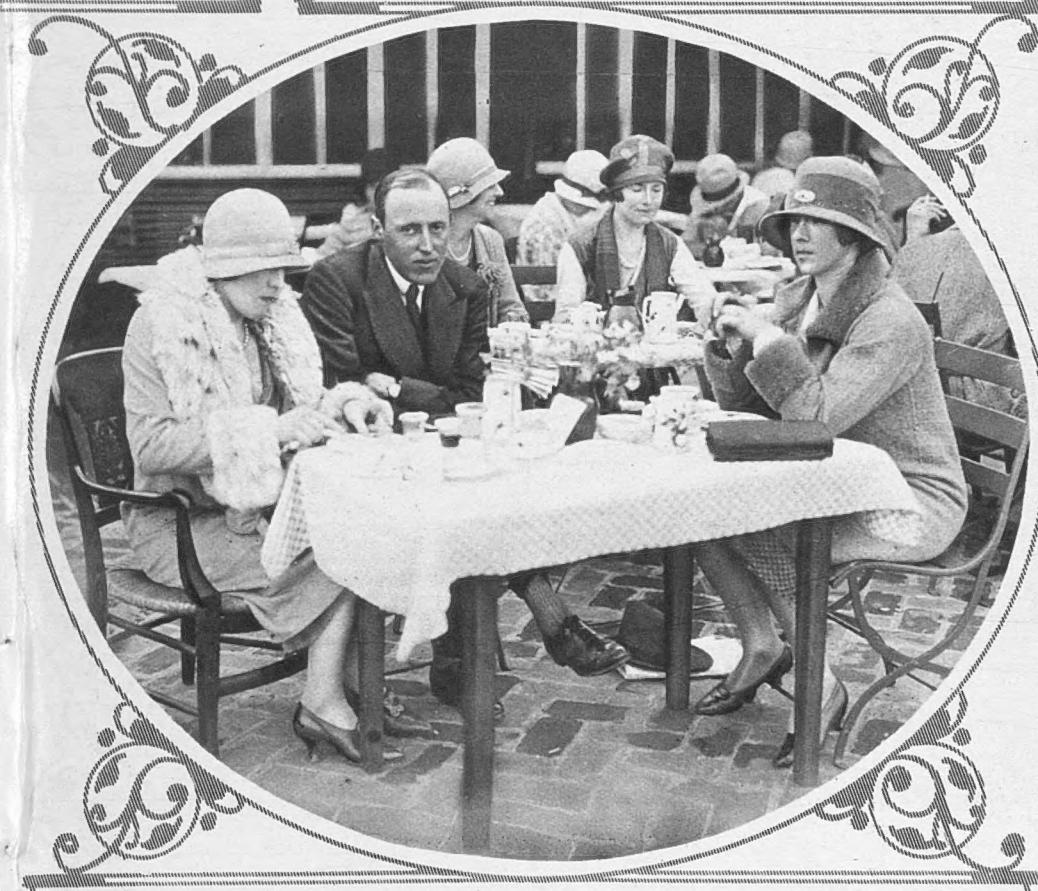
HON. EILEEN PLUNKET:



OUTSIDE THE CLUB-HOUSE: VISCOUNT MOLYNEUX, MAJOR BENSON,
LADY MORVYTH BENSON, AND LADY PATRICIA WARD.



WITH THE COUNTESS OF ANCASTER (RIGHT):
THE MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD.



A GROUP IN THE TEA-VERANDAH: MRS. FIELDEN, LORD MICHELHAM,
AND MISS LEXIE WILSON.



WATCHING THE PLAY: LIEUTENANT-COLONEL W. A.
BISHOP, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., AND MRS. ERIC LODER.

WELL-KNOWN FOLK AT A POPULAR "PLAYGROUND."

Braithwaite as her second husband, in 1920.—Viscount Molyneux is the only son of the Earl of Sefton. Lady Morvyth Benson is the second daughter of the Earl of Dudley, and married Major Benson in 1921.—The Marchioness of Blandford is the daughter-in-law of the Duke of Marlborough.—Miss Gladys Cooper, the celebrated actress, is very fond of Le Touquet, and often goes over there for a short week-end.—Lieut.-Colonel Bishop is the famous flying "ace" who brought down seventy-two German aeroplanes during the war, and gained the V.C. for his gallant behaviour.

TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").



TO-DAY'S TALK ABOUT GARDEN-PARTIES.

I WAS talking the other morning to a lady over the telephone, and I said—“What is the thought uppermost in your mind?”

To which, quite naturally, she replied: “Why?”

“Well,” I said, with what is called refreshing candour, “I want a subject for an article. The thought uppermost in your mind will probably be the thought uppermost in a good many other minds, and that is what we call in our horrid jargon a topical subject.”

“I’m afraid I can’t help you,” was her answer. “I have, of course, a thought uppermost in my mind, but you couldn’t make an article out of it.”

“Don’t be too sure,” I warned her. “Out with it.”

“Garden-parties,” she confessed. “I’m going to a big garden-party next Thursday, and I’m giving a lot of thought to it.”

“To the garden, or to what you will wear?”

“Oh, to what I shall wear.”

“Thank you. That will make a very good subject for an article.”

Let me say at once, however, that I will not presume to write about Royal garden-parties, or political garden-parties. Those are important social functions more than garden-parties. I shall only speak about the common or garden garden-party.

What is a garden-party? It is a party given in a garden which must be a very large and beautiful garden, packed with lovely flowers, and with lots of trees and shady walks and attractions of that kind. You ask three or four hundred people to this sort of party, the reason being that a garden will hold ten times as many people as a house.

So far, all is well. But here the garden-party as we know it begins to run off the rails. When you are invited to look over a factory, you take a profound interest in the machinery and the people working. You stand by and say: “Isn’t it marvellous! How wonderfully quick she is! Would you believe that anybody could work like that, hour after hour, without getting tired?” Quite right and proper.

When the Prince of Wales was invited the other day to look over a coal-mine, did he stand at the top of the shaft and give a casual glance at the coal which had been brought up? Certainly not. He put on a suit of overalls and a suitable cap, and took a safety lantern in his hand, and went down the shaft in the cage, and stumbled along to the coal-face, and drilled

out a piece of coal with the electric drill. (I did all this myself during the war, but nobody seemed to care.)

Very well, then. When you are asked to a garden-party, the first person you should expect to see—after your hostess and (perhaps) host—is the head-gardener. And with him the under-gardeners. But do you? Never. No gardener is ever visible during a garden-party, and nobody expects to see him.

And yet he, with his assistants, has done it all! He has caused all these lovely flowers to grow, and mown and rolled all

a waste of good weeding material that hundreds of healthy people should walk about a garden and never stoop down to pluck up a single weed? You may say: “Oh, but they’re not dressed for it! The gentlemen have on silk hats, and the ladies are all over fripperies and fineries! You couldn’t expect them to weed!”

There are two ways out of that. One is to invite all the guests at a garden-party to come in gardening clothes; the other is to let them change into overalls on arrival, and get down to it the moment they have said how-d’ye-do. Then they would have earned and would really enjoy the strawberries-and-cream and the claret-cup.

I should like to think that guests at a garden-party were inspired to lovely and generous thoughts by the beauty of their surroundings. I can understand a lot of people in a stuffy room getting rather mean and peevish. Lack of oxygen does not tend to elevate the soul. But the sight and scent of roses, delphiniums, and carnations in all their glory and abundance should sweep away mundane thoughts and lead the happy visitors to an exalted plane, whence all earthly smallnesses and animosities would appear beneath contempt.

Yet what actually happens? What is Mrs. A really thinking as she smiles and gushes over her friend Mrs. B? She is thinking—

“Yes, my dear, you’ve aged quite a lot since I saw you last. It may be the hat, which doesn’t suit you in the least, being much too juvenile; but I doubt if the hat alone would do all that. You must be a lot older than I ever suspected; and where you got that dress I can’t imagine!”

And Mrs. B, with the perfume of the gracious roses all about her, is saying to herself—

“Cat! I know you hate my hat and my dress; but all the men have said nice things about them, which is more than they could possibly say to you, my dear. It must be true that you nag at your husband and that your children avoid you. I never saw a worse-tempered mouth in my life!”

Whereupon they make a bee-line for the strawberries-and-cream and the claret-cup.

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies show...

Yes, I know. But the garden itself should be the thing, with the head-gardener as the star performer, and all the guests on their hands and knees. Low stooping and high thinking. That is the ideal at which hostesses should aim.

these soft lawns, and weeded all these paths, and cared for all these fruits in the hot-houses! The proper thing would be for all the gardeners to be found at work in various parts of the garden, and for the guests to cluster round them and exclaim at intervals—

“Isn’t he marvellous! See how deftly he selects the weeds from the flowers! With what loving care he ties up the roses and removes the slugs and caterpillars from the rhubarb!”

That would delight the gardeners, and all the guests would go home, not only stuffed with strawberries-and-cream and claret-cup, but exalted in mind by reason of having speeded honest men upon their way.

Talking of weeds, does it not seem rather



POET: “Daphne, be mine! Marry me—you are the well from which I draw all my inspiration.”

DAPHNE: “No—Reginald; but I don’t mind being a cistern to you!”

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



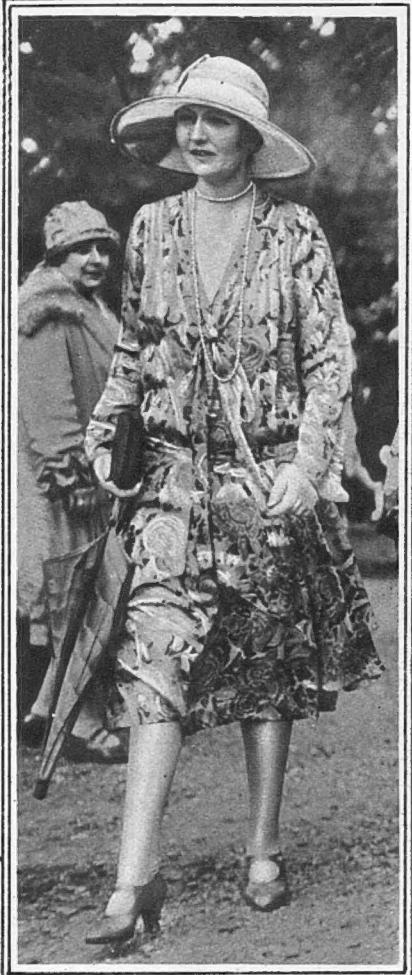
THE AMERICAN DÉBUTANTE WHO HAS SET THE "LONG SHINGLE" FASHION.

THE GIRL WHO HAS LAUNCHED MAYFAIR'S LATEST COIFFURE: MISS CHARLOTTE BROWN.

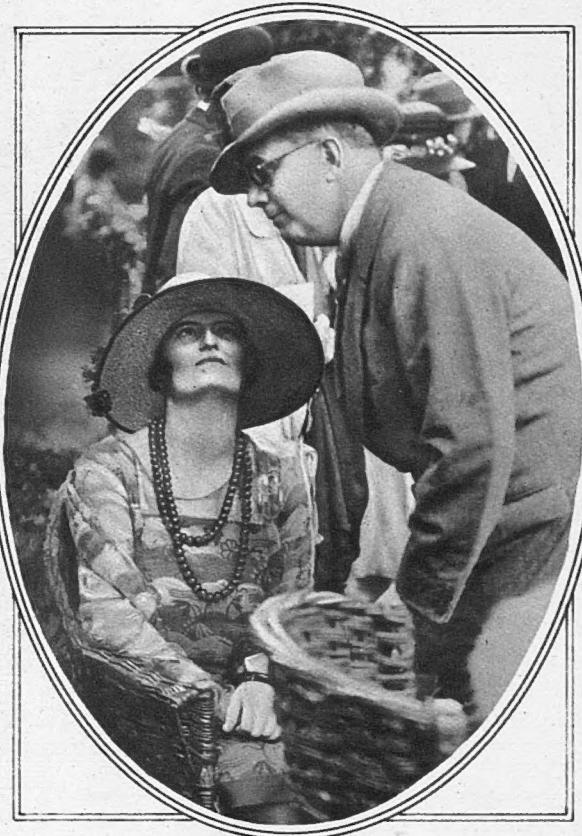
Miss Charlotte Brown, the charming American débutante whose parents took Lord Gladstone's house for the season, has not only been about a great deal in London and roused great admiration, but is responsible for the latest style of coiffure—the "long shingle." At the earlier dances of the season, Miss Brown was one of the very few girls who

did not conform to the conventional shingle, as she wears her hair rather long, and curled, as shown in our photograph. She was so much admired that other girls have now copied her coiffure. Miss Brown also favours semi-crinoline frocks, and is said to be responsible for the growing vogue for the robe de style.

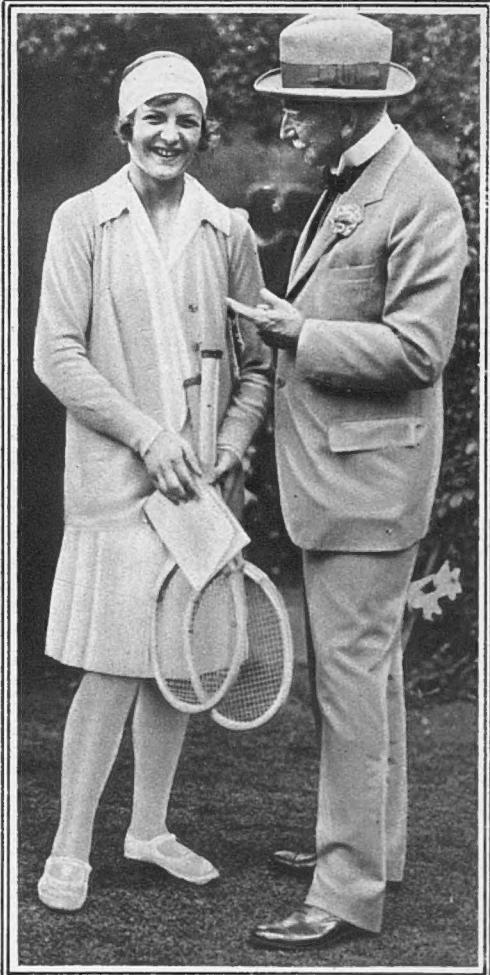
Celebrities at Sussex Lodge : Lady Wavertree's Tennis.



IN A CHARMING ORANGE-FLOWERED DRESS : LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY.



CHATTING TO THE EARL OF PORTARLINGTON (R.) :
BARONESS RAVENSDALE.



ENJOYING A TALK WITH MISS BETTY NUTHALL :
LORD WAVERTREE.



THE AIRWOMAN WHO ACHIEVED A LIGHT AEROPLANE RECORD : THE HON. LADY BAILEY.



DISCUSSING THE GAMES : SEÑORITA DE ALVAREZ, THE EARL OF BIRKENHEAD,
AND LORD WAVERTREE (L. TO R.).

Lady Wavertree's annual lawn-tennis gathering in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association is always one of the most delightful functions of the latter half of the season, and many well-known people assembled last week at Sussex Lodge to see the exhibition matches by the various star players. Above we picture some of the distinguished men and women who attended the party. Lady Patricia Ramsay looked charming in an

orange-flowered chiffon; the Hon. Lady Bailey is the heroine of the 18,000 ft. altitude record for light aeroplanes, and Baroness Ravensdale is the eldest daughter of the late Marquess Curzon. Miss Betty Nuthall, Señorita de Alvarez, and Miss Helen Wills, the new champion, were among the players; and Lord Birkenhead, who is very keen on lawn-tennis, watched the games with interest.—[Photographs by C.N., N.I., and Alfieri.]



A NEWLY ENGAGED PAIR :

The latest engagement of interest to be announced is that of the Marquess of Hamilton, Grenadier Guards, elder son of the Duke of Abercorn, first Governor of Northern Ireland, and, of the Duchess of Abercorn, to Lady Kathleen Crichton, daughter of the late Viscount Crichton, M.V.O., D.S.O., and of Lady Mary Stanley, and sister



LADY KATHLEEN CRICHTON AND THE MARQUESS OF HAMILTON.

of the young Earl of Erne, who succeeded his grandfather, the fourth Earl, in 1914. Our portrait study of Lady Kathleen shows her in the bridesmaid's dress she wore when she attended Miss Diana Lascelles, sister of the Countess of Dalkeith, at her wedding to Mr. Bowes Daly, which took place in the spring.

THE BRIDE-ELECT OF A DUKE'S HEIR.

Photographs by Lenare and Langfier.

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY

LAST week was a perfectly hectic one, with festivities following one another in close succession, and two and three important affairs to be attended each evening. To begin with the most wonderful of all the parties, Lady Ellesmere's ball at Bridgewater House was glorious.

and the Duchess of Portland. The last-named was escorted round the gallery by the Duke of Northumberland, and looked very well; while Lady Harcourt's parure of emeralds was second to none.

Diplomacy was well represented, and I saw the Swiss Minister dancing hard with one of the Ruthven twins, who was dressed in a very short frock of peach-coloured panne embroidered in crystals in scallops. The Argentine Minister was with Mme. de Uriburu and their attractive daughter, both mother and girl wearing white; and Prince and Princesse de Croy, the latter in jade-green, were others to be seen.

Lord Winterton came with Lady Winterton, and I admired her quaint flounced dress of silver lace with a garland of red roses round the waist. Lady Betty Butler wore red lace, Lady Alexandra Haig was in dark blue, and Lady Headfort had a pink frock. She was dancing with Lord Fitzwilliam; and her son, the tall Lord Bechtive, was also taking the floor. The Aga Khan was a striking figure. It was the first time I had seen him in Indian garb, complete with a turban, and horn-rimmed glasses to give the Occidental touch!

Lady Ludlow's musical party was an important event of the

Tuesday night too, and many people foregathered at Bath House before going on to Bridgewater House. Among these were Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles (wearing his Garter ribbon), Lady Patricia Ramsay, and Lady Harcourt, as well as the Spanish Ambassador and the Marquesa de Merry del Val, whose heliotrope dress of long fringes weighs six pounds, she says.

Lady Ludlow looked very smart in a dress of two colours—light and dark green—which harmonised well with her lovely emeralds; and had indeed provided a feast of good things, ranging from Strauss and his lilting waltzes to Tex McLeod, Gwen Farrar (with some rather "naughty" songs which made us all laugh), the Revellers, and Jack Hulbert and his clever wife in their amusing schoolboy sketch.

The early arrivals included Mr. and Mrs. Francis Curzon, the Dowager Lady Nunburnholme (whose all-round diamond tiara is attractive as well as impressive) and Mr. Edward Stonor, whose wife wore a picture frock with little wired panels. I also saw Lady Milford Haven and the daughter-in-law of the house, Lady Zia Wernher, with Major Wernher. Lady Zia wore rubies and diamonds with a flesh-coloured satin dress, while her sister, Lady Milford Haven, was in green. Jade colour was also worn by tall Lady Leconfield,



but her dress was a coat-of-mail sequin affair. The Grand Duke Michael sat next to Princess Mary, and Mrs. Cazalet was almost concealed in a corner. Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring, the latter in dark blue, were others to be seen, and, of course, Lady Sarah Wilson, Sir Charles Russell, and any number of other well-known folk.

Lady Stradbroke's dance was another successful gathering of the week. It took place in the Stradbrokes' lovely new house in Belgrave Square, which is so lavishly adorned with polished oak paneling, not only in the downstairs room and on the staircase, but in the ball-room itself, where it appears as a dado.

Lady Stradbroke looked picturesque in a dress of orange taffetas, the long skirt bordered with narrow brown fur. There was a sort of basket design embroidered in front of the skirt with excellent decorative effect, and the wearer's fine pearl-and-diamond necklace suited her well. Lady Charlotte Rous was in amber colour, and her sister, Lady Helena, wore turquoise-blue—both dancing hard all the evening, of course. It was rather an "amber" night as regards dresses, for the Duchess of Montrose favoured this shade too; while her daughter, Lady Mary Graham, was in white.

Lady Jellicoe, in hydrangea-pink, was among the dancing mothers, and so was Lady Linlithgow, whose black frock had



1. Even the most exclusive shops have sales, and Mariegold wanted a new hat to dazzle Gerald with, as she was lunching with him that day. She tried on hat after hat.

The mansion itself is one of the remaining fine houses of note in London, and is beautiful in itself, as well as full of many art treasures. On the night of the dance everything was perfectly arranged, from the very effective jazz band on the landing outside the picture gallery to the suppers served in two rooms on the ground floor, for which we had to form a queue—which, incidentally, was amazingly well marshalled.

As I arrived late, I was not able to find the two daughters of the house, Lady Anne Egerton, who has been going about a great deal this season, and the débutante Lady Jane Egerton, just home from school; but I heard that they both looked enchanting and were dancing busily. Lady Ellesmere I saw chatting in a corner of one of the great rooms with Colonel "Johnny" Dodge. She looked very elegant in a crystal-and-pink frock with many diamonds.

Royalty were present in considerable force. Princess Mary, in pale pink with crystal embroidery across the bodice, was dancing, and so was Lady Maud Carnegie; and Princess Alice Countess of Athlone also took the floor repeatedly. She looked very young in her dress of white embroidered tulle over mauve, and later I saw her having a talk with the Polish Minister in the magnificent marble hall. This was a favourite place for a cigarette and also for enjoying a good view of everyone passing along. There I saw the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the latter wearing her marvellous diamond tiara with its dangling pearls—by the way, by a slip last week I referred to the number of her dance guests as fifty, when it should have been one hundred and fifty. Fine diamonds abounded, of course, notable wearers of jewels being the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Dufferin,



2. For quite an hour she searched for the hat of her dreams, in vain, and then at last she found it. Just exactly what she wanted. So, feeling at her best, she dashed off to meet Gerald, quite unaware of the fact that the hat belonged to someone else, who had just taken it off, and was busy trying on others. Now, that good lady might have felt quite flattered at finding her hat so much admired; but, unfortunately, she did not take such a charitable view of the matter.

several crystal-edged flounces; and Lady Churston, lovelier than ever, had a dress with a tight satin bodice allied to a trailing skirt of flowered brocade which must have been rather a nuisance dancing, though it looked pretty. Lord Jellicoe took his hostess down to supper, and sitting-out rooms were provided in plenty. Among



3. It is a very trying experience to have your hat snatched from your head by an irate lady companioned by a stern policeman, when you are having lunch in a restaurant with a favourite young man.

other places Lady Stradbroke's bed-room had been arranged for this purpose. It is a delightful apartment, with its white furniture and delicate fluted pillars.

All the prettiest girls in London seemed to be collected in the ball-room. Lady Jean Crichton-Stuart, in a quaint frock of pink satin with an embroidered net collar; Miss Edith Dawkins, in black and white; and Miss Aileen Guinness, in a fringed white frock, were three of the dancers. Lady Malcolm was another who looked very well in white, while black satin with long fringes was the choice of Lady Mary Crichton.

Another important event of the week was the musical party given by Lady Allendale at 144, Piccadilly, where Miss Jelly d'Aranyi played the violin in the place of her sister, Mme. Fachiri, who could not come owing to the death of her mother-in-law.

Lady Allendale looked charming in a frock of pink chiffon velvet, the deeper pink of the reverse showing at the side, where it was draped up; and she wore some beautiful family diamonds. Her mother, Lady Seely, was among those assembled in the drawing-room (which is hung with nothing but pictures by Watts); and others there were Lady Harcourt, in a becoming frock of deep-pink, with many narrow crystal fringes in the same colour; Lady Cory, in a picture dress of daffodil-yellow satin; Lord and Lady Forres (another wearer of a *robe de style*, hers being in pink decorated with pearls); Mrs. Maguire (who had an unusual bandeau of tiny pearls at the back of her head); and Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring.

Princess Beatrice was the guest of honour and wore an ermine stole. Sitting not far from her were Lady Beauchamp (simply smothered in beautiful Brussels lace), and Lady Maud Hoare, each of these being accompanied by her husband. Mr. Francis Curzon had his wife with him (she in white georgette),

and Lady Stradbroke was one of the many women wearing magnificent diamond tiaras. Lord Gainford (whose wife was dressed in a fluffy black frock) was admiring the pictures in the second drawing-room, which include some wonderful landscapes—a Turner and a fascinating Wouvermans being among the treasures.

From Lady Allendale's I went on to the dance at the Czechoslovak Legation, where Mme. Masaryk was entertaining in honour of Miss Houghton. I heard that Miss Houghton looked well in orange; but by the time I arrived she had already left—early hours being quite a wise thing on the eve of one's marriage! Mme. Masaryk looked picturesque in a frock of three tiers of silver lace, cut with a Victorian décolletage. Lady Weigall, in an interval when she was not dancing, was chatting with Mrs. Oliver Hoare, who wore her favourite white, and they were discussing their emeralds. Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley looked smart, as usual, and wore shrimp-pink georgette. The Argentine Minister was with his elegant wife, who had a black dress, the bodice almost covered with a "vermicelli" design in silver paillettes; and their daughter was dancing hard, in a blue chiffon frock with a godet skirt.

Lady Patricia Ramsay looked beautiful in a simple dress of orange marocain, and was sitting talking to friends while her husband was dancing part of the time. Supper was served in the two charming oak-panelled rooms on the ground floor, the red curtains of which make such a marvellous patch of colour. By the way, what a great improvement has been effected by knocking down the dividing wall between the drawing-rooms, for now they form one lovely ball-room. The six windows, with their extraordinarily fine curtains of brocade in an indescribable blending which gives the impression of bois-de-rose and silver, are most impressive too.

The Duke of Connaught is not much of a wedding-goer; but though he did not go to the church for the marriage of Miss Joan Yarde-Buller to Mr. Loel Guinness, I saw him at the reception—a remark which applies equally to Prince Arthur, who was personally conducted to see the presents by Lady Churston. She, incidentally, looked so young and charming in her dress of pink-flowered white nimon and large black hat, and had arranged things wonderfully in that empty house, 8, South Audley Street.

It was very original to let the happy pair stand on a platform flanked by bridesmaids, and a very good one. The presents were magnificent, the loveliest, according to our modern ideas, being the five Cartier bracelets from Mr. Benjamin Guinness, for in a case there lay one all of diamonds,

one of onyx and diamonds, one of sapphires and diamonds, and one of rubies. Next best I liked the brooch of four or five large diamonds set on a bar, from Lady Churston; and there were many who were entranced by the Benvenuto-Celini-style necklace from Mrs. Walter Rosen, all heavy gold and multi-coloured jewels. A perfectly enormous dressing-case from Mrs. Benjamin Guinness held all sorts of things in gold, each with a diamond-shaped plaque with the bride's monogram in diamonds. A quaint present was a monster teapot in ordinary brown ware, with its lid decorated with a tiny teapot to act as a handle! The wash-hand-stand set in gold lustre glass from Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught was lovely; but among so many hundreds of things it was interesting to note that there was but one coloured feather fan.

As to the cake, I should give a kind word to Mrs. Guinness's cook, who made it, and it was much admired with its decorations of gold leaves, doves, and other charming sugary bringers of good luck, as well as the clusters of cornflowers and red carnations which were symbolic of the bridegroom's Guards colours. The honeymoon is being spent at Mougins, between Cannes and Grasse, where Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Guinness have a villa picturesquely named *Notre Dame de Vie*.

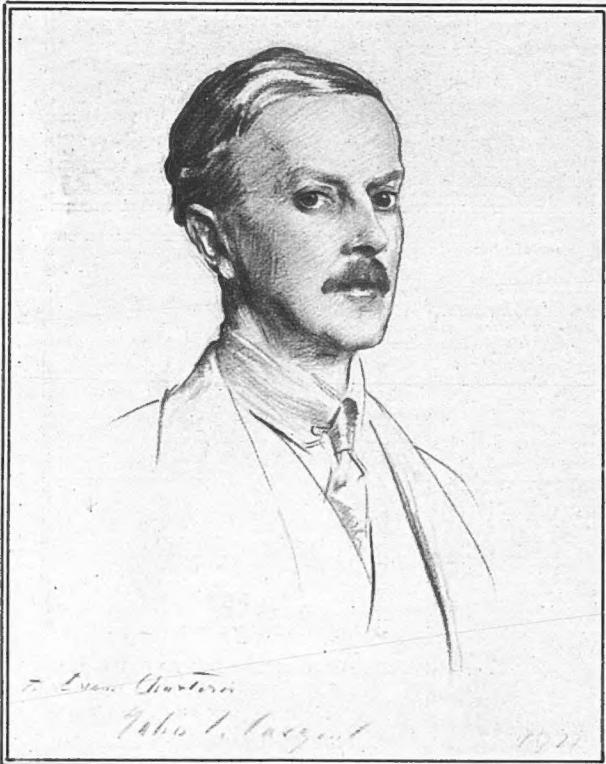
Mrs. Baldwin is most lucky as to weather for her garden parties, and it was positively hot at the first one—so much so that Lady Glentanar laughingly confided to me that she feared sunstroke! Mrs. Baldwin wore a most becoming cornflower-blue get-up, all matching each other perfectly; and I thought one of the best-dressed women there was Mrs. Winston Churchill. Plain black moiré, with a two-tier skirt, and a bodice with a little collar and cuffs of écrù lace, and a rather plain black hat composed a perfect outfit. Lady Dufferin was another smartly clad in aubergine



4. And it was even more trying to have to spend a night in jail, though certainly the police force were too, too sweet, and each vied with the other in trying to make her feel at home.

colour; she has some charming frocks this season, and I have never seen her look better. It is hard to believe she has a son of eighteen just going to Oxford.

MARIEGOLD.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN SARGENT: THE HON.
EVAN CHARTERIS, K.C.—A DRAWING BY SARGENT.

THE MARRIAGE OF MR. CLAUD
HANBURY-TRACEY
AND MISS VERONICA CUNARD:
THE BRIDE, BRIDEGROOM, BEST MAN,
MR. RANDAL PYE, BRIDESMAIDS
AND TRAIN-BEARERS.

The marriage of Mr. Claud Edward Frederick Hanbury-Tracey, only son of Major and Mrs. Eric Hanbury-Tracey, to Miss Veronica Cunard, second surviving daughter of the late Mr. Cyril Grant Cunard, and of Mrs. W. H. Curran, was celebrated at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The bride was attended by seven bridesmaids, who included her sisters, Barbara, Penelope, and Virginia, and by two train-bearers, Grania Curran and David Loder.—The Hon. Evan Charteris, K.C., who was for many years Sargent's close personal friend, is the author of a biography of the famous artist which has recently been published by Heinemann.—Mme. Andjelkovitch is a Scottish violinist who was heard at the Aeolian Hall, when she assisted Mr. Owen Bryngwyn at his song recital, and roused much admiration. Her husband is a member of the Serbian Legation in London.



A SCOTTISH VIOLINIST WHO WAS HEARD AT THE AEOLIAN
HALL LAST WEEK: MME. EILEEN ANDJELKOVITCH.

A WEDDING; SARGENT'S BIOGRAPHER; AND A SCOTTISH VIOLINIST.

Photographs by Vandyk and Hellis.

**Anderson—Houghton : The
U.S.A. Wedding at St. Margaret's.**



DAUGHTER OF THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR : MRS. P. CHANDLER ANDERSON, FORMERLY MISS M. HOUGHTON.

The marriage of Miss Mathilde Houghton, daughter of H.E. the American Ambassador and Mrs. Houghton, to Mr. P. Chandler Anderson, was an interesting Anglo-American gathering. The ceremony was carried out in U.S.A. style, as the bridesmaids, the Misses Elizabeth Houghton, Harriett Anderson,

FORMERLY MISS MATHILDE HOUGHTON : MRS. P. CHANDLER ANDERSON IN HER WEDDING GOWN.



WITH THE BRIDESMAIDS, EACH ESCORTED BY A GROOMSMAN : MR. P. CHANDLER ANDERSON AND HIS BRIDE, MISS MATHILDE HOUGHTON, LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S.—[Photographs by Dorothy Wilding and C.P.P.]



SHOWING THE TIGHT-FITTING CAP OF ROSE-POINT LACE : MISS M. HOUGHTON IN HER WEDDING DRESS.

Elizabeth Richardson, Muriel Beit, Elizabeth Beal, Alice Tully, Joyce Phipps, Pauline Fenno, Florence Louden, and Lindsay Beach, were each escorted by a groomsman. Another American custom which was followed was that at the reception, the bride threw her bouquet among the bridesmaids and groomsman,

A Reported Engagement of Great Interest.



THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUESS OF BATH: LADY MARY THYNNE: AND LORD NUNBURNHOLME.

Much interest was roused last week by the reported engagement of Lady Mary Thynne, the beautiful youngest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath, and sister of the Marchioness of Northampton and of Lady Alice Stanley, to Lord Nunburnholme, third Baron. Lady Mary,

who is twenty-four years of age, was a bridesmaid to Princess Mary, and is considered one of the most beautiful girls in Society. Lord Nunburnholme, who was born in 1904, succeeded his father in 1924. He was educated at Eton and Sandhurst, and went into the 10th Hussars.

Photographs by Yevonde, Alfieri, and G.P.U.



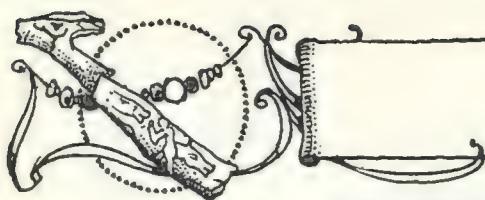
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**A "FOLLOW-THROUGH."**

CADDIE (*to employer*): "There's another gent looks as if 'e'll be wantin' this place soon, Sir."

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY BERT THOMAS.



WOAD!

By BEVERLEY NICHOLS.



CELEBRITIES IN UNDRESS: LXVIII.—V. SACKVILLE-WEST.

SOME personalities are so vivid that they cast their colour over a whole landscape. Walk with a Sitwell over the homeliest meadow and you will find that even the wild roses are turned to cardboard, and the irises stand like yellow candles by a river of iron. Explore with certain priests from Pusey the far-from-devotional suburbs of Oxford, and at once the dusty trees seem to mass their branches formally together, as though they heard the footstep of Mr. William Morris on the asphalt. This quality has its disadvantages. I knew a charming but overpowering woman who turned half of Devonshire into a series of Van Goghs. And few of the Bloomsbury School can cross a landscape without blurring it.

That is why, if I had to choose a companion for a country walk, I should certainly choose Victoria Sackville-West. She is so completely of the earth, so in harmony with Nature, that she seems merely to set the country at its ease. I can imagine her sitting alone in a wood, like an allegorical picture, and I can fancy that after a little while the blue-bells would lift their heads and the aspens would cease to shiver. A poor picture, perhaps, but it tells a story.

A few hours ago I walked with her through the winding lanes of Kent. A withered bunch of wild flowers lies on my desk to remind me of that walk, and the very names of the flowers recall her quiet spirit—celandine, meadowsweet, a wild parsley, a cluster of honeysuckle, some white, solemn daisies. These are the everyday garments of earth, the rough working dress of Nature in her universal mood. Had I been with the Sitwells, I feel sure that we should have encountered nothing but thistles and orchids—two flowers of which I am passionately fond, but only at cocktail time.

Therefore when she paused at a wooden stile and told me that she wrote "The Land" in a spirit of indignation against those who had forgotten the land—or did she say a spirit of pity?—I needed no explanations. I remembered her own words, sent as a challenge to those of us whose vision is bounded by Metropolis—

Book-learning they have known,
They meet together, talk, and grow most wise;
But they have lost, in losing solitude,
Something—an inward grace, the seeing eyes,
The power of being alone.

The italics, ladies and gentlemen, are my own, entirely my own, but I feel that the poet will not object to them. For they emphasise her significance, not only in letters but in life. It is an old plea this, the plea to forsake the pleasures of neurosis, to clear one's mind of Cannes and one's body of Monte Carlo, to leave the jazz bands and to listen to the nightingale. It is an old plea, but it has to be delivered. And when it is delivered with such reverence as she has delivered it, it is our duty to listen.

And yet—shall we listen? "I think my poem is dull." She said that to me quite seriously, while I was biting a long piece of grass. "Dull," she repeated. And

I, at the end of a London season, knew what she meant. It was dull in the sense that an English landscape is dull when one looks at it through one's window on a Sunday morning, after one has come down from a party in the early hours. There are no festoons of pink roses, no hectic violet festoons, no glaring effects of colour. Only a chess-board of fields on which no player but the sun ever plays. Only an infinitely delicate medley of greens. Only a gentle fragrance.

In fact, an overpowering dullness, because civilisation has blinded our eyes. A few pages of "The Land" will show you the extent to which it has blinded them. The poem is like a hedgerow—growing as naturally and as inevitably, as full of quiet colour and lovely detail. Nobody whose eyes were not crystal-clear could

I am only repeating her own words when I say that the singer of country delights must nowadays run the risk of being stamped as an unbearable prig. So many bishops and old ladies deplore the cocktail girl in every Sunday newspaper that one's natural instinct is to defend this young lady against all comers. I would therefore urge that Victoria Sackville-West wrote "The Land" not as a moral but as an aesthetic gesture. She was tired of steel roses, and crème-de-mente meadows, and rusty brooks, and mechanical thrushes. She had wearied of woollen clouds, and valleys that gibbered beneath mad moons. She felt that it was necessary to take a deep breath, to shake her brush free of stale colours, mixed by other artists, and to look Nature straight in the eyes, painting what she saw in a few vivid, direct strokes, such as—

Water alone remains untouched by snow.

That is a clear, cold statement which is the result, not of mood, but of observation. It is very typical of her. A 1927 poet, whirling down to Kent after an Embassy frolic, might notice the very same natural phenomenon as she has noticed here—the fact that water, in a landscape drained of colour by the snow's chill, keeps its funereal hues untouched. But he would probably have made a song about it: he would have groped in his fevered mind for alien fancies—fancies not born of nature, but struck like sparks from the hard anvil of civilisation, and he would have written—

Like a sore on white flesh
The lake lies
Sullenly.

Forgive me if I appear to be indulging in cheap parodies of free verse. There are still a few maniacs who see red when any poet allows his fancy to dictate its own rhythm, but I am not one of them. It is not with the suggested rhythm that I am quarrelling but with the simile itself. The mind of Victoria Sackville-West, being quiet and sane, being free of Nature's secrets, is content to record the stupendous fact that in a country overspread with snow, water remains aloof and uninfluenced. The mind of my imaginary poet, being noisy and insane, has no patience with the fact itself. He must twist it to his own base uses. He must mix it with his own poison—the poison of all of us who do not occasionally bend over wet earth and ponder, with a happy smile, the ways of the worm.

It seems to me, on re-reading this essay, that I have turned a charming and witty woman into a sort of health-crack, with sandalled feet and a morbid interest in Morris dancing. And that very conviction shows me how deeply this poison of the hectic life has entered into my veins—and, perhaps, into yours. Defend the daisy, and you are damned. Sing the beauty of the celandine, and you are a simpleton. Study the sun, except through smoked glasses, during periods of astronomical flux, and you are regarded as insane. Very well, if that is insanity, it is the sort of insanity which I shall choose.



DIPLOMAT AND AUTHOR OF "SOME PEOPLE": THE HON. HAROLD NICOLSON, C.M.G., HUSBAND OF THE HON. VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST, WHOSE PORTAIT APPEARS OPPOSITE.

The Hon. Harold Nicolson is the brilliant husband of the brilliant subject of this week's "Woad" article, the Hon. Victoria Sackville-West. He is the youngest son of Lord Carnock, and is in H.M. Diplomatic Service. He is the author of "Paul Verlaine," "Sweet Waters," "Byron," "Tennyson," etc.—all brilliant and scholarly works; and his latest book, "Some People" (published by Constable), is one of the wittiest collections of studies imaginable. The Hon. Harold Nicolson married the Hon. Victoria Sackville-West in 1913, and has two sons, Lionel and Nigel Nicolson.

even have begun to write it. Not only is it a matter of living in the country—because one can live the hectic life in the Cotswolds with alarming ease—it is rather a matter of allowing the country to live in one's own spirit. It is then that the spell begins to work, then that the petals open and tell their tale—

Of campion and the little pimpernel;
Of kexen, parsley and the varied vetch;
Of the living-mesh, cat's-cradle in a ditch;
Of gorse and broom and whins. . . .

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Brides in
Chiffon,
Satin, and
Velvet:
A Trio of
Notable
Weddings.



THE MARRIAGE OF THE HON. JOAN YARDE-BULLER AND MR. LOEL GUINNESS: THE BRIDE, BRIDEGROOM, BEST MAN, MR. TRISTRAM GRAYSON, AND BRIDESMAIDS—THE MISSES MERAUD AND TANIS GUINNESS, THE HON. DENISE, THE HON. PRIMROSE, AND THE HON. LYDIA YARDE-BULLER, LADY MARY PRATT, LADY DIANA WELLESLEY, THE MISSES DIANA AND ZARA MAINWARING, AND MISS VIRGINIA GILLIATT.



THE MARRIAGE OF SIR DONALD MAKGILL, BT., OF KEMBACK, AND MISS ESTHER BROMLEY: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S.

The marriage of the Hon. Joan Yarde-Buller, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Churston, to Mr. Loel Guinness, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, was attended by Princess Helena Victoria, Princess Marie Louise, Princess Arthur of Connaught, and Lady Maud Carnegie. The bride wore a simple picture dress of white panne velvet, with a thick silken girdle and a low waist, and had her tulle veil arranged in the style of a wimple. Her ten bridesmaids wore mediæval dresses, made like a nun's novice habit. —Miss Esther Bromley, youngest daughter of the late Sir Robert Bromley,



THE MARRIAGE OF SIR P. HUMPHREY ROSE, BT., TO MISS JOAN RICHARDSON: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING THE ORATORY, BROMPTON ROAD.

Bt., and of the Hon. Lady Bromley, and granddaughter of the late Lord Pauncefote, wore a chiffon dress embroidered with crystals and diamanté for her marriage to Sir Donald Makgill, Bt., of Kemback. She was given away by her mother.—Miss Joan (Babs) Richardson, who married Sir Philip Humphrey Rose, Bt., is the younger daughter of the late Dr. Martin Richardson. She wore a dress of ivory satin in picture style, and was given away by her uncle, Mr. Norman Richardson. Mr. Geoffrey Harmsworth was best man, and there was no reception.

Photographs by C.N. and Lenare.

LAND SHARKS AND SEAMEN.

III.—BILLS OF LADING.

By LUKE HANSARD. (*Author of "The Flame in the South" and "Humming Steeples."*)

SERGEANT GIOVANNI BATISTA was getting bored. Four years ago he had joined the Legion, the Foreign Legion, so dear to romantic English novelists. The Legion of Lost Souls. In reality, 90 per cent. of its members have no soul to lose; that is a myth which ought to be dispersed. Most of them are poor devils out of a job, but bold men who fear nothing, and who, having nothing to sell, have found the most valuable merchandise of all—their own lives—and they sell them at a very high price.

Well, perhaps some of them have something else to sell, or at any rate to get rid of: certain little memories, better forgotten. For example, Private Smit—he'd meant to inscribe his name as Smith when he joined the Legion, but the French recruiting officer couldn't tackle the "th," so the latter wrote him down as "Smit." Giovanni had seen Smit fall in a silly little skirmish outside a squalid Moorish village, apparently hit in the head by a spent bullet. He'd no time to pick him up—yelling Moors, white robes flying in the wind towards his little post. *Les insoumis* they call them. Giovanni was a corporal in those days; Smit only a first-class soldier.

The machine-gun was jammed; Giovanni had only twenty-five men with him, and there seemed to be hundreds of *insoumis*; yet he had to unjam that machine-gun, and he'd done it, and with his twenty-five men had not only beaten off the attack, but had taken and sacked the village. Only after the sacking had he had time to think about soldier Smit. He went back to the little hospital tent. One of his men came up to him with a pocket-book in his hand.

"I picked up soldier Smit, and I found this by the side of him; I can't understand a word of what's written in it—it's all Arabic." In the Legion they call everything they can't understand "Arabic." But Giovanni once upon a time had been liaison officer with an English regiment on the Piave. It took five litres of wine to get him to talk about that period of his career; but by that time he was so confused and maudlin that no one ever understood a word. After five litres of wine Giovanni could no longer speak French, and had most certainly forgotten Italian. At any rate, he could read a little English, so opened the pocket-book. In it, amongst a collection of soiled and grubby letters, was a photograph of soldier Smit. Yes, it certainly was Smit. But he was not wearing the uniform of a private of the Legion. Giovanni knew the insignia of rank of British officers, and Private Smit was wearing those of a major in a Highland regiment. Giovanni felt that this was seeing something rather sacred, and he closed the little pocket-book, almost with a feeling of reverence. He had looked in upon another Legionary's sacred garden, and in the Legion you may never do that. Every man his own memories, and the luckiest is he who can conveniently flood his of a Saturday night with litres of *pinard*.

Giovanni went up to the bed in which Private Smit was lying; he was not too bad; the *infirmer* said he'd be all right in

two or three days—only knocked out of time by a spent bullet. Smit was conscious, though slightly dazed.

Giovanni showed him the pocket-book, and asked him if it were his. Smit seized it and put it under his pillow. "Yes, it's mine, Sergeant—all I've got in the world; did you see what was in it?"

Giovanni could but answer "Yes."

"You know our uniforms?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was a major in the Gordon Highlanders."

Giovanni didn't know what to say, where to look; such confessions are very sacred in the Legion. He might say that once he had been first lieutenant in the Bersaglieri. He clenched his hand; Santa Madonna, not to be thought about. And the Bersaglieri march beating through his head, he and his company running at the double, his sword outstretched, the plumes from his hat waving out behind him; Christo, every man his own God. But Private Smit was rambling.

"Did you see the name behind the photograph?"

"Non, mon vieux."

"It wasn't Smit."

The voice was growing vaguer and vaguer. "Highlands, Highlands, purple heather, never see again." Then for a moment he seemed to gather strength. "You're younger than me—look out; money, women; women want money, that breaks you; now thank God for the Legion."

His voice trailed off, yet he seemed to be humming, not a song of his own country, but the great hymn of the Legion—

Partout nous sommes passés,

Partout nous sommes tombés,

Nous avons semé de la gloire.

Then a gentle oblivion took Private Smit, and wafted him back for a little moment to the deep purple quietness of his own country. Giovanni pulled himself to attention, and, saluting the broken man, went out into the blinding glare of the Moroccan sand; the blinding glare of his own memories, and the cool shades of the canteen, where there were oceans of red wine, deep purple oceans which would drown everything.

Mr. Willie Johnstone had had quite enough of a shipping office. Demobilised, at a loose end, he'd taken on this job. Assistant shipping clerk—hell; every day making out bills of lading for cargoes that were sailing for Valparaiso or Seorabaya, places that he would never see this side of Paradise. A triangle, or a diamond or a square, with the letters, "S.S. and Co," "round about"; that was the jargon of the shipping trade. Oh, lucky cases, they would see what he would never see. He'd had almost enough of it. Willie goes out one morning to lunch; a queer-looking fellow was sitting at his table, the table he habitually lunched at. He seemed to know him, though Willie had never known him! He began to talk, to ask questions; his accent was not English, or French, or Dutch, or even Jewish. Gently he suggested that Willie knew lots about bills of lading—that it might be possible to

ship cargoes out of England under a bill of lading which did not entirely correspond with the contents of the said cargo. Willie was very tired and unhappy, and after lunch the gentleman had taken him to a pub in Fenchurch Street—I won't tell you the name, because that's my affair—our affair—we others, the shipping clerks.

For you must understand that there are many grades of clerks in the City of London. First of all, there is the bank clerk, and he has his light car waiting for him at the station. After him comes the insurance clerk, and for him there is his motor-cycle and side-car. Then comes the merchant's clerk—he has his motor-cycle. Last of all, there is the shipping clerk; he is the down and out; drink and the devil have done for him. How many of them will you find up and down Fenchurch Street: strange people, demobilised, temporary officers, mates of merchant steamers who have had their ticket "dirtied." All broke, all finished, a battered bowler hat—for they stick to their bowler hats as part of their uniform—passing their shipping papers in the Customs House. But God is kind to them; they don't mind, they don't worry. Long ere this they have dreamed their dreams of dawns rising over southern seas, of tropic nights falling over the western isles; not for them. For them half-a-crown folded delicately in the shipping papers that the official in the Customs House might stamp their papers the more quickly, so that they may get back to the pub, that jolly pub, before closing time. There they drink a glass or two, and when they get back to their office in Fenchurch Street, they charge it all up to "current expenses."

But, as I say, we shipping clerks stick together. You might say that their life is easy; so it is: only spend ten hours on the East India Docks with a north-easterly blowing, counting cases being lowered into the holds of steamers; ought you not to respect us just a little? If only you knew it, we the shipping clerks are rather like the French Foreign Legion, the absolute duds. Yet we try to keep up some kind of decorum, and we wear our bowler hats, and we watch the great steamers sailing out on to the tide—God help us. And you, good people, think of us.

Willie Johnstone had had enough; the battered-bowler-hat business and the freezing cold of the north-easterly wind had cured him—and the queer stranger had completed the cure. He hinted at many curious things, and he suggested over the second drink that there were lovely sun-kissed beaches where great blue Atlantic rollers came surging up from three thousand miles away. And there were date-palms and little white villages and all sorts of lovely things for a man who was prepared to run a very tiny risk. He suggested that they should meet that night at the Monico, first table on the right as you go through the door.

Willie went back to the office, as the Americans would say, "full of beans"—an odd person, that stranger. But he'd hardly been five minutes inside the place before a bell rang. The office boy came

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BY A HARE'S BREADTH!

MISH-MISIL THE PEKE DOPS THE "DERBY DOG" TRICK AT THE WHITE CITY!

DRAWN FOR THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

HE BOUGHT THE *RIGHT* CHOCOLATES



Drawn by Howard K. Elcock.

There's a sparkle of light through the leaves, a flash from stirrup and bit—but they cannot vie with the sparkle of her eyes and the flash of her smile when you give her Rowntree's York Chocolates.

Rowntree's—Rowntree's—Rowntree's *York*—say it to yourself quietly before entering the shop. Then you are sure to get the *right* chocolates—and the chocolates to win the *right* thanks.

ROWNTREE'S **YORK** CHOCOLATES

4/- per lb. Also Cartons, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. 2/- & $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. 1/-



IT IS NOT THE FISHERMAN WHO ALWAYS GETS THE CATCH.

Reproduction in Colour-Photogravure from the Picture by J. Cottinel.



THE WILL-O-

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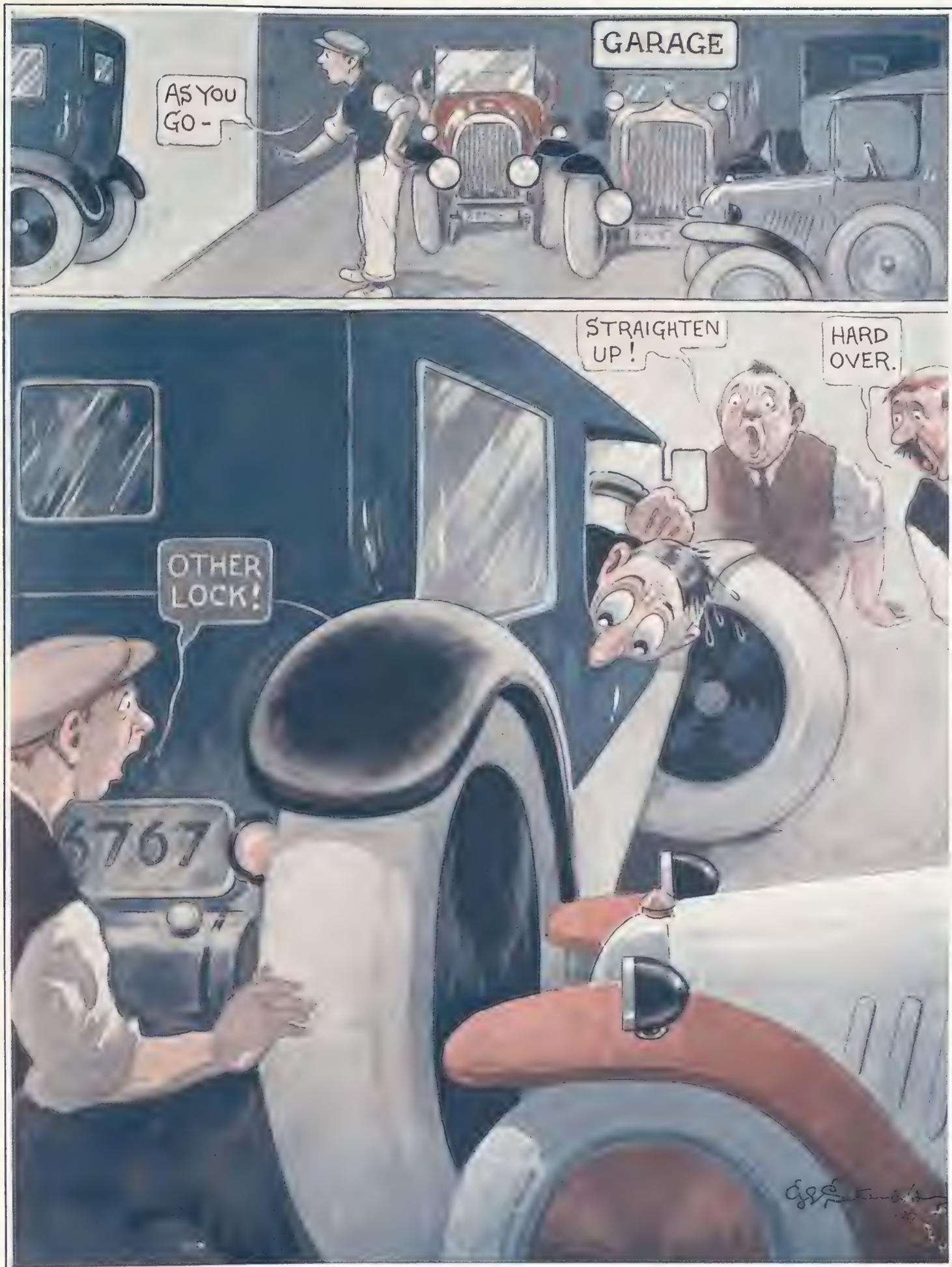


THE WISP.

FROM THE PICTURE BY CHARLES ROBINSON.



The age, mellow ness, and dignity of
White Horse—the senior whisky of Scotland—
will sustain the tone of any house.



WHAT WE MOTORISTS ALL FEEL AT TIMES! No. II.

BACKING INTO THE UNKNOWN.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDY.



"Almost fascinating smoke
these Craven "A" —
they never catch my throat"

CRAVEN "A"

CORK-TIPPED CIGARETTES

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

20 for 1/-

Continued from Page 68.]

to him. "Mr. Johnstone, Sir, the boss wants to see you."

Willie went into the boss's room. Then the storm burst. "You are no better than a thief, Sir; here I've been three quarters of an hour trying to get hold of you, and all the time it appears that you have been idling away outside; you're as bad as the office boy who pinches the stamps."

Willie saw red. "All right, sack me, you dirty little swine. When you were cowering under a table during an air raid, I was facing hell in a very shallow trench near Passchendaele. You fat beast, if you were ten years younger I'd bash you in order to teach you the manners you never learnt." And Willie walked out, took his hat off the peg, and left the offices of Selig, Selig and Co. for ever.

Willie turned up at the Monico. As he had threatened to bash Mr. Selig, of Selig, Selig and Co., and had *not* given the requisite one month's notice, it is hardly to be wondered at that the said firm had not paid him a stiver. He felt both hungry and thirsty, but he was certainly going hungry to bed that night.

A waiter came towards him. Willie always seemed to talk French better when he was tired, hence to-night he spoke superlatively well. The waiter, who was *perhaps* French, asked him what he wanted, and he ordered a double whisky. It was pouring hard outside, and Willie commented on the bestiality of the weather. His French was fluent; his accent, if not French, was certainly not English—only he suddenly realised that he had precisely six coppers in his pocket wherewith to pay for the drink that he had ordered. Lord Almighty, he was in a hell of a fix. They *might* give him tick—they knew him well—or they *might* not, in which case he was for the high jump properly. What a fool; but then he was so tired and hungry and thirsty.

At that precise minute a quiet voice in a strange, nondescript accent, cut into his most unpleasant dreams. "Ah, Captain Johnstone, a business man, I see; not only punctual, but before time; you have anticipated hospitality with the haste of thirst—but a thirst well quenched is a friend well made." Strange gentleman—Willie looked up; it was his friend of that afternoon who had talked to him about sun-kissed beaches and date-palms. The quiet man called a waiter and paid for Willie's drink.

"I don't think we can talk business here—come round to my flat. I take it that you are prepared to come into a little show of mine." Poor Willie, with sixpence in his pocket, was prepared to go into any show. The quiet voice went on: "My flat is so close: the shortness of the journey makes the arrival more pleasant, as we say in my country; and the pleasure of the host is increased tenfold by the reception of the guest." It was a beautiful flat somewhere off Hanover Square—Willie didn't quite know where—a double whisky on an empty stomach and a somewhat turbulent afternoon had dissolved his bump of locality. Only he remembered vaguely getting into a taxi, and arriving at a huge block of luxurious flats. His host's living-room was furnished with great wide sofas. The strange gentleman clapped his hands, and a servant entered, a "Jenkins," but not quite a European Jenkins, inasmuch as he wore a crimson-coloured turban. Willie's host went on.

"The Prophet, Captain Johnstone, the Prophet does not permit us true believers to drink the fermented juice of the grape—may his soul rest in Paradise—but I have yet to know that the Koran, sacred book as

it is, mentions the use of whisky; it is an anodyne to very weary souls; hence I think that we may partake of a little of that fermented liquor, inasmuch as God's Prophet never had to put up with a climate like this."

The turbaned Jenkins produced a decanter and syphons, and the strange gentleman poured out Willie a very stiff one. Willie was in a maze: date-palms, beaches, blue, sun-kissed seas, guns, machine-guns in cases for an oppressed people, little steamers sailing that night from Tilbury Docks at two o'clock.

What a beautiful French accent Willie had—just the man he wanted. A bunch of bills of lading was shoved under Willie's nose; at the same time his host poured him out another drink. Willie's brain was functioning mechanically by now, but he *did* know his trade. Fifty cases pianolas and parts marked a diamond and "S. S. and Co." round about, consigned to Seorabaya, numbered one to fifty. In his dim, muddled brain Willie found that very funny—"S. S. and Co., Seorabaya"—how many cases had he marked like that? He choked down the rest of his drink. His host was speaking incisively now.

"You land that cargo at a place which the captain will tell you. You will be responsible for anything that may happen. It's for you to square it with the French authorities. You can, as I think you say, 'get away with it'—you speak French quite well enough. Only, if you can't, I warn you that—anyway, here's a little honorarium." And he pushed ten five-pound notes into Willie's hand.

"My car is at the door; it will take you to Tilbury Docks. May the peace of Allah go with you, and the blessing of his Prophet."

Willie was too mazed to realise anything; only he remembered an interminable drive in a luxurious car, being rowed in a boat, clambering up the sides of a little steamer, and tumbling into bed in a very hard and uncomfortable berth with a feeling of satisfaction, since he had in his pocket a bundle of paper—to wit, ten five-pound notes.

How golden were the sands, how blue the sea, and the date-palms danced in the wind just as Ali Pasha—for Willie now knew the name of his mysterious friend—had said. Ali Pasha had done Willie properly. When he had woken in his little cabin after his orgy of the night before, he had found a complete suit of white ducks, not to mention a solar topee. Now he was standing on that very golden beach of which Ali Pasha had spoken; this was money easily made.

The grim, taciturn Scotch captain had anchored the steamer in a small cove, and there on the beach was a crowd of Moors all dressed in flowing white robes. No question of French authorities; there was nothing in sight but an aching blue sea, an aching blue sky, a little white village, and the soft caress of a clump of date-palms. Better this than Fenchurch Street, anyway. And Willie's job was simple; he had but to supervise the handing over of the cases containing the pianolas and spare parts to the chief of the Moors. They had lowered a whale-boat and had already disposed of some twenty cases, for which the chief had signed a receipt—presumably it was a receipt, but Willie could not have told you whether it was or not, seeing that the signature was in Arabic. They were already unloading the third shipment, and Willie was sitting in the shade of the group of date-palms smoking a cigarette. He considered and took thought. How far away he was from Fenchurch Street, from Selig, Selig and Co., how glorious it all was, what an easy job—really, he wondered what

Ali Pasha had paid him for. Willie was almost asleep; the cigarette burning his fingers woke him up. He looked at his white canvas shoes, his carefully creased white trousers, his solar topee by his side. Yes, he had come a long way from the battered-bowler-hat business. He dozed off again—how lovely it was, warm sand, beautiful sleep! Then something woke him up; it seemed as if there were a cold wind, yet the sun was shining as brightly as ever, the great blue Atlantic surges were rolling in, and the date-palms were kissing each other in the quiet breeze. Willie pulled himself together—he'd been slacking at his job, as usual—hadn't even taken the trouble to count the cases as they were unloaded. He looked round; there were no Moors in sight; he couldn't understand it. He glanced out towards the sea, and there was his boat's crew rowing for dear life towards the little steamer lying out in the bay. On the beach there remained the last ten cases, numbered forty-one to fifty, of the pianolas. Still he did not understand. He looked inland, and there, coming down over the sky-line, above a sand dune, was a little company of men, little men in khaki uniforms—even now Willie could not understand what had come to pass.

As I said before, Sergeant Giovanni Batista was bored. Patrolling the coast in the heat in summer, and the rain in winter, in order to catch mythical gun-runners, was no joke. There never *were* any gun-runners, anyway. The French Government, living in delightful comfort in the Rue Royale, had got this, as Giovanni would say: "big beast biting their brain." The Colonel had told him that this was a most important mission. It would appear that there was a vast syndicate, managed by a Turkish pasha and financed by Englishmen, to run arms into Morocco. It would be his, Giovanni's, duty to put a stop to this iniquitous trade. So far he had seen no trade whatsoever—only a little coasting steamer drifting along the Moroccan coast, clearly flying the Red Ensign. Incidentally, the Colonel had told Giovanni that if he caught anybody red-handed in these wicked practices, he was empowered to deal with him by court-martial. And Giovanni, trudging through the sand at the head of his fifty men, had found nobody. Just behind him was Corporal Smit; they had made him a corporal after his wound, though Giovanni would tell you that he was more *ballot*—in other words, idiot—than he had ever been before.

Giovanni halted his troop. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and damnably hot. He suggested that everybody might smoke a cigarette, while he and Corporal Smit split a bottle of wine which the latter was carrying. *What a beast of a trade.* He looked round at the company; there were Rabinoff and Einstein, two Russian Jews whom Giovanni, for some absurd reason, had taken a dislike to. They could damn well go on sentry-go. It was necessary to post sentries here—according to his map, it was a bad part of the world. No good getting yourself cut up, and cut up in rather a nasty way, by a crowd of shrieking Mokos. Giovanni prepared himself for sleep, as did also Corporal Smit, each dreaming his own dreams. Down the long Via Venti Settembre of Genoa, plumes waving, the band playing as it had never played before. Princes Street, the bagpipes skirling, sporrans swinging from side to side—the "Cock of the North."

The Moroccan sand was very soft and comfortable; Princes Street, Via Venti Settembre: all forgotten in the quiet warmth. Suddenly Giovanni wakes up; a kick in

[Continued on Page xx.]

Modern Mother and Daughter in a New Light: "The Spot on the Sun."



"STRAIGHT, SLIM, AND FRESH": MISS FABIA DRAKE AS MARY,
THE CRICKETING GIRL.



AFTER A CARNIVAL: MRS. PATRICK (MISS MARIE TEMPEST)
AND HERBERT LOUDEN (MR. GRAHAM BROWNE).



THE EMPLOYER OF MICHAEL AND THE MOTHER OF MARY: BARONESS RIDIER (LADY TREE) AND MRS. PATRICK (MISS MARIE TEMPEST).



THE OLD FRIEND SAVES THE SITUATION: HERBERT LOUDEN (MR. GRAHAM BROWNE) AND MRS. PATRICK (MISS MARIE TEMPEST).

"The Spot on the Sun," by John Hastings Turner, recently produced at the Ambassadors', is a modern comedy of manners, presenting Mother and Daughter in a new light. Mrs. Patrick lives in a shady set at Monte Carlo, her circle including an unpleasant Dago, who provides her with funds; a tyrannous old Baroness who employs a "lounge lizard," Michael, as her dancing partner; and other unworthy specimens. Mary, Mrs. Patrick's daughter, arrives home from school—straight, slim, and fresh, the former

captain of the cricket eleven. At this moment the Dago is demanding marriage in return for his cash payments; but when he sees Mary, he decides that he would sooner have her than her mother. In deep humiliation, Mrs. Patrick tells her daughter the truth, and Mary faces it with tolerance, adding, moreover, that she is in love with Michael. Mrs. Patrick, roused by her child's danger, changes her tactics, routs the "gigolo," and solves the awkward problem by marrying her old friend Louden.—[Photographs by Lenare.]



THE HEROINE OF BEN TRAVERS'S LATEST FARCE : MISS WINIFRED SHOTTER AS KITTY STRATTON,
AT THE ALDWYCH.

THE INNOCENT OWNER OF "THARK."

"Thark," Mr. Ben Travers's latest farce, was produced last week at the Aldwych, and once more provides those two enchanting comedians, Mr. Tom Walls and Mr. Ralph Lynn, with parts which allow them to display their genius for laughter-making. Miss Winifred Shotter is Kitty Stratton, the charming heroine of the piece. "Thark"—which gives its name to the play—is neither a patent medicine nor a person, but a haunted country

house which belongs to Kitty, the ward of a bibulous and flirtatious sporting baronet, and the fiancée of the ingenious Ronnie Gamble. He also asks a pretty shop-girl out to dine, and entangles himself and Ronnie in a pretty web of lies which provides the tangle round which Mr. Ben Travers weaves his quips and jollity for three uproarious acts.—[Photograph by Bassano.]



The Real Chinatown. The average Londoner hates to think that London is mysterious. He distrusts the stories he hears of strange tribes living in our midst, of waste places, of wicked clubs, of weird cults. To him they are travellers' tales. If, for instance, you told him that Chinatown is really quite as exciting, and far more Chinese, than Mr. Thomas Burke has painted it, he would laugh in your face.

The other night I went to Chinatown to explore it for myself. Two strange Chinese gambling bills lie before me as testimony to that venture. They are about the size of five-pound notes, and they are covered with hieroglyphics, large and small. Dotted over these hieroglyphics are various dabs of ink—all with their special significance.

Those notes were handed to me in a dark passage far from Limehouse Causeway. My host was an Englishman who knows Chinatown inside out, and our guide was a charming little Chinaman with a passion for gambling. The game we played is called pukka poo. From the early evening till late at night this game seems to have Chinatown in its grip. In many small cafés and remote back rooms groups of tense, thin-drawn faces bend over the mysterious papers, dip coarse pens into black ink-pots, make their particular marks on the hieroglyphics, fold the papers, and send them by their special envoys to the central office.

Gamblers All. I visited that office. It is a tiny room, partitioned in half. Through the partition is cut a hole not unlike that of an ordinary railway booking-office. Through the portion of the room which is open to the public—the Chinese public, of course—throng a constant stream of gamblers, handing in their slips. Behind the barrier sits an impassive figure, with an ageless face, who takes the slips, crumples them through his yellow fingers, and flicks them into a great bowl, which he shakes up and down as though he were shaking an unholy brand of cocktail.

Pukka poo, however, is only one form of gambling. Walk down these narrow streets, with their half-caste children playing in the gutters, and fat Chinese mammas sitting

The Metropolitan. By Beverley Nichols.

like idols in the dusk of their front-doors, and you will see chalk-marks on the walls wherever gambling is in progress. Every other house seems to bear a chalk-mark. I went into a low-ceilinged room where dominoes with green and scarlet pips were being arranged in piles, with incredible speed, each man apparently backing his own pile at one throw. There was also a strange game which they played with buttons. Hundreds of buttons were placed on a green baize cloth, and moved slowly underneath a centre-piece, where they seemed to disappear for a moment, to emerge once more in groups of four.

largely laid in a Chinese village. In a bare field a lovely Chinese street has suddenly sprung into being. There are shops and houses, brightly painted, and gardens with lily-ponds and Chinese dragons. I wandered into one of those gardens, walked up some papier-maché steps, and looked through a gateway. Alas! all was disillusionment. One saw that the houses were only strips of plastered canvas, roughly joined together by wooden laths.

The film is being produced by Mr. Maurice Elvey, among whose many brilliant qualities is a capacity of grappling with the impossible—even with the

English climate. He had encouraging things to say not only about the future of the British film industry, but also about its past. He said: "People don't seem to realise that the industry has been alive and very much kicking for years. We have been producing hundreds of successful films about which people never hear. The public pay to see them, but they never give the credit to their own countrymen. The idea of American supremacy has been so impressed upon them by all the newspapers and all the publicity agents that it has thoroughly sunk into their minds. If I told them that I, for example, had been making a jolly good income out of producing British films for the last fifteen years, they would think I was talking through my hat. But it's strictly true."



"SUZANNE'S" FIRST APPEARANCE AT AN EVENING EXHIBITION LAWN-TENNIS MATCH IN LONDON: THE SCENE AT HOLLAND PARK.

Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, the famous French lawn-tennis player who is now a professional, made her first London appearance as a "pro" last week at an evening exhibition game "staged" by Mr. Charles B. Cochran at the Holland Park Hall. Our photograph shows the scene, with the artificially lit court and crowds of spectators. Mlle. Lenglen easily disposed of Fräulein Dora Körting, her German opponent, and then appeared in several mixed doubles.—[Photograph by C.P.P.]

Mah-Jong as We Do Not Play It.

As for the mah-jong—how different was that from the leisurely games I have played with my friends—games in which one took hours to decide whether one should double for one's own flower, and averaged five minutes at the end of each game to reckon up the score. Here it was a clatter, a bang, a few high-voiced "pongs" and "chows," and, before one realised they had begun to play at all, the game was over. It was evident that the Chinese method of playing mah-jong is not as our way. Their object is always to "go mah-jong" at all costs.

The China of Make-Believe. It was interesting to compare the real Chinatown with the make-believe. At Cricklewood the Gaumont Company are producing a film the action of which is

Back to Dickens.

Talking of things British, I hope that everybody is going to see "When Crummles Played," at the Lyric, Hammersmith. It is a sheer delight. Crummles, of course, is the Crummles of "Nicholas Nickleby," and the entertainment is one which might have been copied, word for word, from the theatre of a hundred years ago. There is an incredible play called "The London Merchant," which used to bring tears to our great-grandfathers' eyes. It is played without any alteration whatever, and the tears still come, but they are tears of laughter. Mixed up with the play, in the manner of those days, are astounding hornpipes, sentimental songs, and interludes. They believed in contrast then. In fact, as I sat back, giggling hopelessly, it occurred to me that here was the genesis of revue.

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DRAWING ALL PARIS TO THE CASINO DE PARIS: THE DOLLY "SEESTAIRES"—STARS OF "PARIS—NEW YORK."

Rosie and Jenny, the enchanting Dolly Sisters—or "Seestaires," as they are called in France—are now drawing all Paris to the Casino de Paris, where they are starring in the revue, "Paris—New York." These fascinating American sisters, who were born in Hungary and have had a tremendous success both in the U.S.A. and England, are

now established Parisian institutions, and, as such, may be said to rate with the Comédie-Française, the Bank of France, and the incomparable Mistinguett! We picture them above in their diamond-and-plumage costumes of the latest Parisian revue, wearing their amazing "skull-cap" head-dresses with crests of bird-of-paradise feathers.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ABBÉ, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



"BACK TO CROQUET":
MISS ELSA MACFARLANE
AS THE CROQUET
GIRL (R.), AND
MR. NORMAN GRIFFIN
AS THE DUNDREARY
WHISKERED BEAU.



"THE
CLOSE-CROPTIMISTS":
THE CONCERT PARTY
OF CONVICTS
IN A MODEL GAOL.

SPORT OF THE 'EIGHTIES AND A PRISON CONCERT OF "BLUE SKIES."

"Blue Skies," the new Archie de Bear and Clifford Whitley production at the Vaudeville, is described as a cabaret-revue, and its title is cleverly led up to at the opening. Forked lightning plays on the tableau curtain, which then discloses a beautiful rainbow about which Miss Elsa Macfarlane sings very charmingly. Above we picture two of the numbers of the show.

"Back to Croquet" is a scene arranged by Nigel Playfair, with lyrics and music by A. P. Herbert and Alfred Reynolds. It presents Mr. Norman Griffin as the Victorian lawn-tennis player, who harks back to croquet. The "Close Croptimists" introduces all the principals in a skit on the Co-Optimists. The Pierrot troupe are shown as convicts in a model prison.

Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.



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SEA-VIEW

"Nice rooms . . . with that curious pale green smell and a rush mat on the wall behind the washstand. Not much of a Sea-View about it—unless they have a tidal wave. Why, it's ten minutes from . . . all right, I'm not grumbling . . . Oh, I say! who put my flannels round the boots? Get the maid to iron them and—hi!—tell her to get in a dozen of Worthington, too."



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Dressing Up. Dressing up, they say, is merely primitive. There is no real difference, certain inhuman persons assure us, between arraying yourself in historic regalia and arraying yourself in woad or wampum. Very well; let us all frankly and without shame confess to this element of the primitive, for we all possess it. And why not? We have to decorate our persons with something—both the climate and the police insist on it—then why not get as much fun as we can out of the process? We cannot all wear ermine; we do not all want to wear elk's horns or moose's jaws; but we can, and most of us do, take pleasure in some kind of solemn dressing up, and the ceremonial which attends it. If things have to be done decently and in order, let them also be done handsomely and with dignity.

Ceremonial, at all events, is a very serious business in many people's lives, and on the whole, since we happen to have a fairly tidy temperament, we can do it better in this country than most of our neighbours. When you read a book like Mr. Percy Armitage's "By the Clock of St. James's," you begin to understand why. It is not only that we believe (as Mr. Armitage does, almost passionately) that the thing has a real symbolic value in itself, but we are prepared to take any amount of trouble about it. "Organisation," Mr. Armitage calls his King Charles's head; but that is too deprecatory a description of the kind of organisation in which he has made himself a past master. Anybody who has ever attended any Court function must be impressed by the flawless management. Few, however, reflect on the amount of staff work which is necessary. We expect a great State occasion to run as if by clockwork; but most of us have little conception of the minute, expert labour which goes into all the cogs and springs. A single detail overlooked may throw pomp and circumstance into mere undignified confusion.

Master of Ceremonies. Mr. Armitage, as a Gentleman Usher of twenty-five years' standing, has been concerned in a great number of ceremonial occasions, and much of the interest of his charming volume lies in discreetly allowing us behind the scenes and showing us all that goes to make a good, efficient, well-acted, and well-mounted "production." Early in life he invented a new profession for himself, and became a kind of expert Master of Ceremonies for private entertainments on the grand scale; his success in this line led to official services at Court, and he had much to do not only with routine functions, but with extraordinary occasions such as the funerals of Queen Victoria and

The Literary Lounger. By Alan Kemp.

King Edward, and the coronation of the present King. The account he gives of them is as vivid in the details of preparation as in the final pageant, in which he unaffectedly delights. He has antiquarian interests too, and is never better than when dealing with Court customs, ancient and modern, and the history of the various Orders with which he has had so much to do. It goes without saying that he has been in close contact with men distinguished in all walks of life, from foreign Sovereigns and Presidents and Eastern potentates to the rank and file of dignitaries in Church, State, and the arts. Some of the most interesting reminiscences are those concerning ruling Princes of India, and of all the great gentlemen he mentions none is more memorable, none more truly the aristocrat born (as a glance at the photograph opposite page 224 will convince you) than the Maharajah of Nepal, that mysterious and almost "forbidden" land. Not all the Exalted, if we may judge by the Shah of Persia's table manners, had the same personal

Emancipated Young Female, think what your mother had to endure!

A lady never walked in the Park except with a gentleman, either a near relation or a very intimate friend, and then only before luncheon—that is, between twelve and two o'clock. A young lady might, however, walk alone from one side of the square in which she lived to the other. Ladies never went in hansom—indeed, it was only in latter days that they did so, and then only when accompanied by a relative or close friend. . . . Needless to say, a lady never patronised a bus; and no one in Society ever travelled anything but first class. Of course, no one ever smoked in the streets, and in country houses men were sent to smoke in the kitchen or the servants' hall.

Well, I suppose even nowadays a "close friend" is almost *de rigueur*; and it is still true that a lady "never patronises a bus"—she only patronises a "close friend's" Sports Model. Mr. Armitage's account of a house-party in the 'seventies is truly terrifying, and he himself does not repine that we have abolished such a dreary blend of formality and boredom; though

I am not sure it was any worse than the kind of up-to-date house-party they had in "Hay Fever." Mr. Armitage, even if he cannot reconcile himself to the Black Bottom, is no mere praiser of past time, and ends on a cheerful and refreshing note of admiration for "these girls and boys, with their slim, graceful, athletic bodies, kissed freely by sun and wind." There is much to be said for this free kissing, and the 'seventies undoubtedly missed a great deal.

One of the Occident by few foreign Accident. Eminences

who were not provided by Mr. Armitage with a house in Mayfair and a suite of attendants whom nothing could surprise was the Grand Lama of Tibet. It would have been easier to cater for him than for some of Mr. Armitage's strict Hindu protégés; apparently a little strong tea, with salt and butter "to taste," and a bowl of broth made of the entrails (nicely high) of any animal which

charm and distinction, and Mr. Armitage's ceremonial dignity does not blind him to the many humours of dealing tactfully with refractory grandes.

Society of the 'Seventies. Not the least entertaining portion of this very pleasant volume consists of personal reminiscences of London society in the 'seventies. Life was then an elaborate structure of P's and Q's. "Society" was a term strictly interpreted: "The clergy held a rather invidious position; and only the higher ranks, such as Bishops, Deans, and Chaplains to the Queen attended Court. Actors one never met socially, nor people in trade or business—bankers such as Child, Coutts, Cocks (Cox?), and Drummond being the only exceptions. Barristers of good family were received, but not solicitors." And O Modern Girl,

happened to die of senile decay would have been ample to the point of luxury. Such, at all events, seems to have been the staple diet of Mme. Alexandra David-Neel on the astonishing pilgrimage which she describes in "My Journey to Lhasa." "I am," says the author, "one of the Genghis Khan race who, by mistake and perhaps for her sins, was born in the Occident. So I was once told by a lama." Certainly there can be few less Occidental Europeans in the world than Mme. David-Neel. The East has "called" her from childhood: she is profoundly versed in its religions and superstitions, and has been a lecturer in comparative religions at a Belgian University; she has made five journeys into Tibet, and has "lived for several years, in caves or rough cabins, in the grassy desert and at the foot of the everlasting snows, the strange and wonderful life of the Tibetan mystics";

[Continued overleaf.]



A BRILLIANT CARICATURIST AND HIS CAT: MR. SIDNEY SIME AND ONE OF HIS FAVOURITES.

Mr. Sidney Sime, the caricaturist and artist whose exhibition at the St. George's Gallery roused so much interest, is one of the most remarkable artists of the day, and has an individual genius for caricature and fantastic composition. It will be remembered that we recently reproduced some of his caricatures of village types. Mr. Sime began life as a colliery boy, and now lives at Worplesdon, in a house which was formerly an old inn. He has had the stable converted into a studio, and works there. He is something of a recluse, and seldom goes out anywhere. He is very fond of cats, and is seen playing with a favourite pussie.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

Continued.

she has been the intimate friend and guest of the Tashi Lama, and has adopted as her son an authentic Lama, Yongden, who was her companion and invaluable assistant on the journey described in this book.

A Grim Pilgrimage. Nobody, therefore, could be better qualified for this great adventure. The two set out in the guise of poor *arjopas* (pilgrims), a rôle which involved the utmost poverty of board and bed. The route chosen lay for the most part through country hitherto unknown to any Europeans. The hardships described seem almost beyond human endurance, and nobody less acclimatised to the Orient than this explorer could have survived them. There is, it must be confessed, a certain monotony in the constant succession of dangers and difficulties, and one would have liked to hear more of the Tibetans, their government, religion, and customs; but these Mme. David-Neel reserves for a separate book, which should be a unique contribution to Oriental lore.

Four months the journey lasted, "in poverty, hunger, and dirt" (dirt indescribable!), and the pilgrims seem to have been undaunted by any emergency. Patience, of course, was their chief asset; but their resources were highly versatile. Yongden, as is expected of his sect of lamaism, parries inconvenient curiosity by bestowing blessings, cures, and prophecies; Mme. David-Neel, when flint and tinder are lacking, produces fire by inward concentration and the mystic rite of *thumo reskiang*; nor is she a stranger to more mundane expedients—she is not above shooting a brigand (though brigandage appears to be a gentleman's profession in Tibet); she can lay a pretty little curse on pilferers. Only once does her fortitude seem to have wavered: when a horrid discrepancy was revealed between her inked pigtails and her natural brown hair, "a little more, and I should have cried." An *arjopa*, but a woman after all.

The goal was reached and two months spent in Lhasa without disturbance or alarm. The description of the city is full of interest, but the reader must be prepared for certain disillusionments. The market is flooded with garish Manchester goods and hideous crockery. In the Dalai Lama's New Year procession, "the band struck up an English music-hall tune." Twas ever thus. This scribe has himself heard in the heart of an Indian native state a brass band of bearded, swart magnificos, arrayed in musical-comedy uniforms, and conducted by a European in a bowler hat, playing "The Belle of New York" as a sort of anthem. Such is the advance of civilisation. One did not know it had got as far as Lhasa.

The Pallid Land. And, after all, it has not got so very far. Lhasa wants no Western "progress," and perhaps its rigidly unprogressive civilisation is no worse than that of places where civilisation of another kind has lived and died, and, dying, left only corruption and an evil savour behind. As, for example, Mexico. The chief impression of Mexico left on one's mind by items of Foreign Intelligence is one of morbid bloodthirstiness. Such, too, was the impression left by Mr. D. H. Lawrence's "The Plumed Serpent." Now, in "Mornings in Mexico," he deals less with the humanity or inhumanity of that sorrowful country, and more with the country itself. "Nowhere," he writes, "more than in

Mexico does human life become isolated, external to its surroundings, and cut off totally from the environment." It is chiefly in that mood of contemplative detachment that Mr. Lawrence writes here, though often he contents himself simply with the pictorial. And in word-pictures he excels: in a sudden phrase he focuses instantly an image on the retina of the mind's eye—thus, towns looking "as if they had been lowered from heaven in a napkin, and deposited, rather foreign, upon the wild plain," or "the many-pleated, noiseless mountains of Mexico" (there is a Homeric ring in that). There is beauty, but beauty harsh and barbaric, in all this "pale, uneven, parched world . . . a world pallid with dryness, inhuman with a faint taste of alkali": and Mr. Lawrence's studied prose captures and conveys the quintessence of it. I confess to liking him better in his purely descriptive moods than when he dallies with the metaphysical and the mystic; but to ask Mr. Lawrence not to be metaphysical is to ask him not

The essay from which this passage is quoted, "The Hopi Snake Dance," is the most elaborate in the book, and is a remarkable piece of writing.

"Lost Kinnellan." Miss Agnes Mure Mackenzie gains confidence of method with each successive book;

"Lost Kinnellan" will attract all who admire delicacy of touch and quiet, pure, unforced writing. The art which has gone to conveying the atmosphere of this lonely Scottish estate of the 'eighties, and the characters who inhabit it, gains in merit because, following the classic maxim, it conceals its art. The incidental pictures, such as those of the kirk and of the wreck, are excellently done; and the characters are all distinct and consistent. I appreciated these qualities so much that I am reluctant to add, as I must, that in her books so far Miss Mackenzie's manner is better than her matter. The emotional elements of this book are higher than mere sentiment, but are not quite pure pathos; and tragedy is achieved only by methods which come perilously near to melodrama. The chief characters are Gilbert Keith, laird-apparent of Kinnellan; his negative and commonplace wife, Bertha; his too-attractive French-bred cousin Anne; and a scheming, vindictive schoolmistress who revenges herself for Gilbert's indifference by precipitating the crisis which was bound to arise out of the Gilbert-Bertha-Anne triangle. With some difficulty I swallow the manner in which Bertha meets her death unintentionally at the hands of Gilbert; but the half-hearted happy ending I cannot swallow, and do not believe in—nor, I fancy, did Miss Mackenzie believe in it with any great conviction. However, the realities of this novel outweigh its unrealities sufficiently to make it decidedly a book to put on your library list.

The Cultured Cannibal. If you favour the exotic, you will find liberal measure of it in Mr. Richard Dehan's "The Sower of the Wind." Western Australia is the scene, and Gaspar Barboas, sometime chiropodist and now pearl magnate, is the Sower. He sows defiance of men, women, and gods in the pursuit of peif; and he reaps Cuggal, which appears to be the same thing as Ju-ju—a Blackfellow curse which makes his life a nightmare of hairbreadth escapes. Safra Ferguson, a beauty with strange barbaric antecedents, and stranger barbaric future, has a prominent share in these many complex adventures.

Mr. Dehan has studied his local colour faithfully, and writes with tremendous spirit. It puzzles me why he makes his more important characters talk like heavy Bishops. "Madame, I cannot! To a man, I might add that I would not if I might! But I do not speak thus rudely. If you are able to translate these grim and ugly symbols—and something tells me that you are—let me be privileged to hear!"—that is a fair sample of Barboas's conversation. And if the English is erratic, the Latin won't do at all: "Ego vos absolvio a peccatis vestri. In nomine Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto." Come, come, Mr. Dehan!



THE MARRIAGE OF TWO FAMOUS FILM STARS : MR. ROD LA ROCQUE AND HIS BRIDE, MISS VILMA BANKY.

All Hollywood turned out to see what is described as the most popular wedding ever solemnised in Filmland—the marriage of Mr. Rod La Rocque to Miss Vilma Banky, the beautiful blonde star who came from Hungary to Hollywood, and is known to all "film fans" for her performances in "The Son of the Sheik," "The Dark Angel," etc. The wedding was celebrated at the Church of the Good Shepherd in the Beverley Hills, and 100 policemen were required to close the surrounding streets to general traffic! There were film-star bridesmaids and ushers, and the Wedding March had to be played twice because half the party had been detained a quarter of an hour by traffic congestion! When they had escaped from their admirers, Mr. and Mrs. Rod La Rocque started on a two months' motoring trip through Western Canada.

Photograph by P. and A. P.

to be Mr. Lawrence. We must not deny him his mystical rhapsodies, like this

It is a battle, a wrestling all the time. The Sun, the nameless Sun, source of all things, which we call sun because the other name is too fearful—this, this vast dark protoplasmic sun from which issues all that feeds our life, this original One is all the time willing and unwilling. Systole, diastole, it pulses its willingness and its unwillingness that we should live and move on, from being to being, manhood to further manhood. Man, small, vulnerable man, the farthest adventurer from the dark heart of the first of suns, into the cosmos of creation.

By the Clock of St. James's. By Percy Armitage. (Murray; 18s.).

My Journey to Lhasa. By Alexandra David-Neel. (Heinemann; 21s.).

Mornings in Mexico. By D. H. Lawrence. (Secker; 7s. 6d.).

Lost Kinnellan. By Agnes Mure Mackenzie. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.).

The Sower of the Wind. By Richard Dehan. (Thornton Butterworth; 7s. 6d.).



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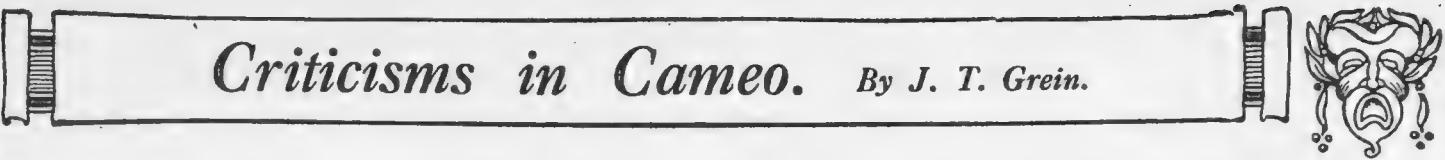




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Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.

I.

"THARK," AT THE ALDWYCH.

MMR. BEN TRAVERS is a master-builder of cock-and-bull stories. You have a feeling that he does not care a rap whither the cock goes or the bull; but he gets them there all the same, for he has an ingenious head, and he knows how to tell his tail-tale, I mean—although we may not always be able to follow him. But that does not matter. We laugh from the moment Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn—naughty uncle and absent-minded nephew—appear, and chatter and tell one another funny stories in high glee. We laugh when Uncle, who had an assignation with a lady in his flat, is confronted with three women—his wife included—instead of one; and the formidable Mrs. Frush—the unique Miss Mary Brough—comes to complain about the haunted house which he sold her. Of course, after much shuffling of the pack of cards, Uncle disposes more or less of the ladies, and then, hey, presto! we are lured to the haunted house, when the fun rushes from fastness to fury. Don't ask me how and wherefore—I would be at a loss to explain; but for sheer drollery there is nothing to equal Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn roly-poly-ing in an ample bed, espousing the ghost on a night of lightning and thunder. Whether there was a ghost we never found out, for the wily journalist who had crawled under the bed in quest of copy escapes before he is discovered; and the solemn butler, whom we strongly suspected, turns out to be a very guileless person. When the curtain falls, amidst indescribable turmoil, with all the characters on the stage in "nighties" and pyjamas, we are as bewildered as the people of the play; but laugh we do. And that is that.

The first act is capital: Mr. Travers in his best form; his dialogue is all his own, sparkling, quaint, often brilliant, not infrequently suggestive, but never gross. He is Rabelaisian in an up-to-date key. The second flags a little—and so does the plot; many threads are entangled to get us to the climax, the expedition to the haunted house, "Thark." Here all depended on the patter and battledore-and-shuttlecock game in repartee of the two leaders. In the third we are full of expectations; the atmosphere is fraught with mystery; the ghost is there and no mistake, although we do not behold him. We dearly hoped that the butler, as grim as his real name, Death, would be unmasked as the miscreant, out for getting the property cheaply. But it was not to be; instead, we got that priceless scene of Lynn and Walls fighting phantoms in the dark under the spiritual influence of countless whiskies. It is all much ado about nothing, sheer tomfoolery, and in the midst of our guffaws we admire the two ringleaders for the finish and finesse of their work, as well as for their wonderfully contrasted methods. And we admire the author, too, for his unrivalled skill of making mountains of fun from molehills of misunderstandings.

J. T. G.

II.

"NEARLY DIVORCED," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

MR. E. DAGNELL is the practised hand. He knows what will puzzle people and make them laugh—laugh at all costs. He also knows that there is a public for time-honoured methods.

A jealous wife who goes through her husband's pockets and pocket-book; finds letters, riddlesome expenditure, and some evidence which may be construed as possible infidelity, will always create a certain amount of amusement. Then, of course, there is the private detective who builds a case on the slenderest motives and a mysterious night out on the part of the husband, and the fat is in the fire. It flares up in an hotel scene with all attendants on the watch, with the wrong man in the lady's bed-room; disguises, clownery, escapes, excursions and alarms. People talking over one another—in fact, an indescribable hullabaloo that defies common-sense and sanity, might be set right

the right mood, from a red nose to a crushed hat and a false moustache; and here we had all the good old jokes, and there was some mirth in seeing such clever actors as Mr. Arthur Chesney, Mr. Mark Daly, Mr. Eliot Makeham, Mr. Denier Warren, and last, but not least, Mr. Frederick Lloyd, making fools of themselves in carnival mood. J. T. G.

III.

"CASTLES IN THE AIR," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

MMR. CHARLES B. COCHRAN has brought his "Castles in the Air" very definitely down to earth, and thereby proves his perspicacity as far as his particular public is concerned. At any rate, to judge by its rapturous reception, this song-and-dance comedy, the story of an American "college boy," with a stolid exterior and a huge voice, who turns out to be the Prince of Latavia, is the sort of after-dinner entertainment that can always be sure of a welcome. It has little melodic grace; indeed, there is not a tune in it that catches and haunts the ear. It has no romance, since its hero does nothing more courageous or more daring than don a uniform thought by all to be a travesty, and then pronounced to be his by right. But it has "pep," any amount of "pep," and a large, hardworking chorus, mainly responsible for all the vitality of the show. Every song is principally a cue to bring on this gaily capering, consciously joyous chorus. There is no nonsense about them. They are not there to sympathise with the uneven course of true love or to deplore the tribulations of an exiled Prince; probably, like myself, they are unable to gather why Latavia's Crown Prince should have been landed as plain John Brown in an American college at all. They are there to dance, and dance they do, with unflagging energy from beginning to end.

A fair newcomer, Miss Genevieve McCormick, supplies quite a quantity of "pep." She plays a modern version of the old-time *soubrette* on broad comedy lines, which first-night anxiety caused her to overdo. If she will curb her zeal and put the sordine on her ear-piercing vocal humour, she will give her native cleverness much more chance. Allan Kearns stood out amongst the general air of Kruschen vigour by his easy-going, quiet humour, which, in its whimsicality, has much of the charm of Ernest Truex. Mr. Kearns is a delightful comedian. Miss Helen Gilliland sang her totally undistinguished songs with an artistry and an earnestness worthy of better material. Mr. John Steel, the hero, relied on his voice to help him through a part which he made little attempt to play. He certainly has a fine voice, but he gave us too much of it. Even when the lady to whom his love-strains were addressed was firmly clasped in his arms, and a

whisper would have reached her, his devotion was expressed *fortissimo!* A hustling, bustling, quick-stepping affair; in short, guaranteed to wake you up and keep you awake after a good dinner. The setting of the last act, with the sweep of steps, the lofty portico of the Rodman mansion, and the moon-lit lake beyond an avenue of old trees, is a perfect stage picture, breathing serenity. But be not alarmed—the serenity is soon dispersed.

J. T. G.



THE "ETERNAL FLAPPER": MISS FANNY WARD, THE AMERICAN ACTRESS WHO LOOKS SIXTEEN AT THE AGE OF SIXTY.

Miss Fanny Ward, the American actress, has mastered the secret of eternal youth. She admits to being sixty years of age, and is a grandmother; but looks a slim, modern girl of sixteen, as our photograph shows. She has been a grandmother for some years now, as her daughter, Lady Plunket, has two sons—the Hon. Patrick Plunket and the Hon. Robin Plunket, born in 1923 and 1925 respectively.—[Photograph by Strauss-Peyton.]

with a single word in the right place. But it never comes until the end of the third act, when from wild chaos arises truth, and, angel-like, the innocence of the suspected husband. At first I did not like it at all; but then I realised that this kind of play is anachronism, that you must adjust your focus, turn your mental opera-glass upside down; look upon it with the eyes of to-day in retrogradation. This I did, and I, too, began to laugh. Some things are always funny when you are in



A Departed Ball.

The almost illimitable possibilities of knotty problems in connection with the rules of golf are constantly finding expression in actual incidents. I happened to come across an example at Bognor the other day on the occasion of the Sussex professional championship. Mark Seymour, one of the favourites and a winner of first-class amateur tournaments a few years ago, played a second shot of about 200 yards just as C. W. Thomson, of Royal Eastbourne, was preparing for his drive to the succeeding hole. Seymour's ball came up from behind, and hit Thomson's ball plump in the back, knocking it a yard forward, so that Thomson had the disconcertment of suddenly seeing two balls moving at his feet and of swinging at a vacant tee. The odds against anything of this sort occurring may be so incalculably long as not to justify the existence of a special rule on the subject. But the fact remains that it did occur, and the point arose as to whether a stroke ought to be counted against the player who had missed the globe—reasonable though it was to miss it, seeing that, at the vital instant, it had been removed with all the adroitness of a piece of jugglery.

Good Intentions.

The problem presented itself because it is especially stipulated in Definitions that "a stroke is the forward movement of the club made with the intention of striking the ball." The circumstance of a person failing to hit the ball through somebody inadvertently removing it while he is in the act of striking at it does not do away with the fact that he intended to hit it. And the word "intention" is the very essence of this regulation. It was introduced many years ago because a certain foursome couple—shrewd accomplices, consisting of a scratch player and a man with a very big allowance who was useful for bargaining purposes when handicap terms came to be arranged—found that it paid at times for the weaker partner to miss the globe entirely and leave the shot to his confederate. To stop this, the Rules Committee resolved that, if the player did not intend to strike the ball, he had not legally

Some Golf Posers.

By R. Endersby Howard.



made a stroke, and would have to play again instead of leaving it to his colleague. Consequently, "intention" to hit the ball became the spirit as well as the letter of the law defining a stroke. In the Bognor case the player did intend to hit it, but missed it through no fault of his own. Truly are there many diverting little perplexities in golf.

Conceded Putts.

Another interesting point arose recently in a private match on a London course, and is to be submitted, I believe, to the Rules Committee for adjudication. The question at issue is as to whether a player is obliged to accept a putt which is conceded to him. In this match, a man who stood dormy three said, when his opponent was left with a putt of a yard to win the next hole, "I'll give you that," which meant that the leader would be brought down to dormy two. But the rival protested that

money. The other man declared that he had been beaten at the sixteenth as the result of missing a putt which he would not allow to be given to him, but had won the bye.

What the Law Recommends.

When a rival says: "I'll give you that putt," must a player accept? It is a point which has never previously entered into the gamut of golf jurisprudence. The average individual is satisfied to take any putt that is offered to him. But there are stubborn people in the world, and this particular player—this very particular player—has set the authorities to reflect upon their own clause: "The Rules of Golf Committee recommends that players should not concede putts to their opponents." Except as an act of courtesy, is anybody compelled to accept in the whole world any voluntary gift which he does not want? So far as I know, there is nothing in the rules of the game which makes it obligatory for a player to accept a proffered putt.

A Harvest.

Here is another golfing perplexity of real life. In a competition of the Old Carthusians at Walton Heath, a player sliced into the heather. Everybody who has been to Walton Heath knows its heather as a magnificently expansive and picturesque hiding-place for golf balls. This man found his possession immediately; he whirled his mashie-niblick through the heather so as to make sure of getting the ball well on to the fairway, and up came three balls, two having been lying unseen immediately under the flora on which his own was resting. They scattered in various directions on the course, and when he made investigation he found that

they were all of the same make and that they all bore the symbol 3. He did not know which was his, so what was he to do? I believe he chose the middle one.

Tossing for Lies.

No doubt everybody ought to have his ball distinctively marked. Human nature being what it is, nobody expects ever to have serious confusion about the one that he is steering round the course. In an open championship at Prestwick, two players proceeding in opposite directions found themselves in the same bunker, and neither knew which ball was his. They decided the question by tossing for the better lie.



THE SURBITON GOLF CLUB'S VICTORY OVER THE HOUSE OF COMMONS TEAM:
A GROUP OF THE TWO TEAMS AFTER THE MATCH.

Surbiton Golf Club beat the House of Commons team by ten games to four, as a result of a recent contest. Our group shows, from left to right, seated: Sir M. E. Manningham-Buller, Bt., M.P., Mr. G. Penny, M.P., Mr. H. B. Stroton (Captain, Surbiton), Major Strang-Steel, M.P., and Lieut.-Col. A. D. McInnes Shaw, D.S.O., M.P.; second row: Mr. C. J. McKay Forbes, Lieut.-Col. Lambert Ward, M.P. (Captain, House of Commons), Mr. G. Harvey, M.P., Sir John Power, M.P., Mr. J. W. Dore, Sir Hubert Cayzer, M.P., Mr. C. H. Shuter, Lieut.-Col. Burton, O.B.E., M.P., and Captain Marriott; and, behind, Mr. B. R. Drover, Mr. A. D. S. Gordon, Mr. H. Price, Col. Crookshank, M.P., Mr. H. Kidson, and Mr. H. S. Sharpe.

he did not wish the putt to be conceded to him. So he played it—and missed it. Thus, according to his own reckoning, he had lost the match. But the other man would not take it that way. He had given the putt, and the game was still alive; he counted himself dormy two. The piquancy of the story is that the players concerned have as big a stake on the bye as on the match. They went on looking at the situation in their different lights. The putt-conceder lost the seventeenth hole (incidentally, through striking his opponent's caddie—what complications!) and halved the eighteenth, so he considered himself one up on the round and the winner of the



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"To get the Sack"

M ECHANICS, travelling in quest of work in the middle of the 19th century, carried their implements in a bag, or sack; when their work was finished, the sack was returned to them so that they might replace their tools, and seek a job elsewhere.

The phrase is also commonly met in French, where *sac* means knapsack, and has reference to the marching off of a soldier.

Yet another origin of the phrase was the legendary practice of the mediæval Sultans who were believed to put into a sack, and throw into the Bosphorus, any member of their harem who no longer pleased them.

According to tradition, "sack" was the last word uttered before the tongues were confounded at the Tower of Babel.



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When It's Night-Time at Deauville.

WHEN Deauville's strenuous day of bathing, golfing, tennis, and motor-ing is ended; when the deserted beach, robbed of its life and prestige, looks only like any other lonely seashore; when the first lights begin to glimmer along the

Still, so long as fashion has its say, and continues in its present mood, there is little or no danger of such a thing happening, for never before has there been such a large scope for personality and *fantaisie*, at least in evening dress.

Departing from the strict simplicity of daytime attire, the Deauville Parisienne changes miraculously between seven and nine every evening from a slim, boyish, trim sportswoman to a most dazzling princess of a fairy-tale: a most feminine reaction of laces, floating draperies, and jewels takes the place of kasha, crêpe-de-Chine, and youthful simplicity. All the science and subtlety of the Paris dressmaker has tended in these summer-time crea-

the skirt, short in front, grows gradually longer so as to reach the heels at the back, and flares out like a strange petalled flower from a rather tight-fitting bodice with a slight bolero movement.

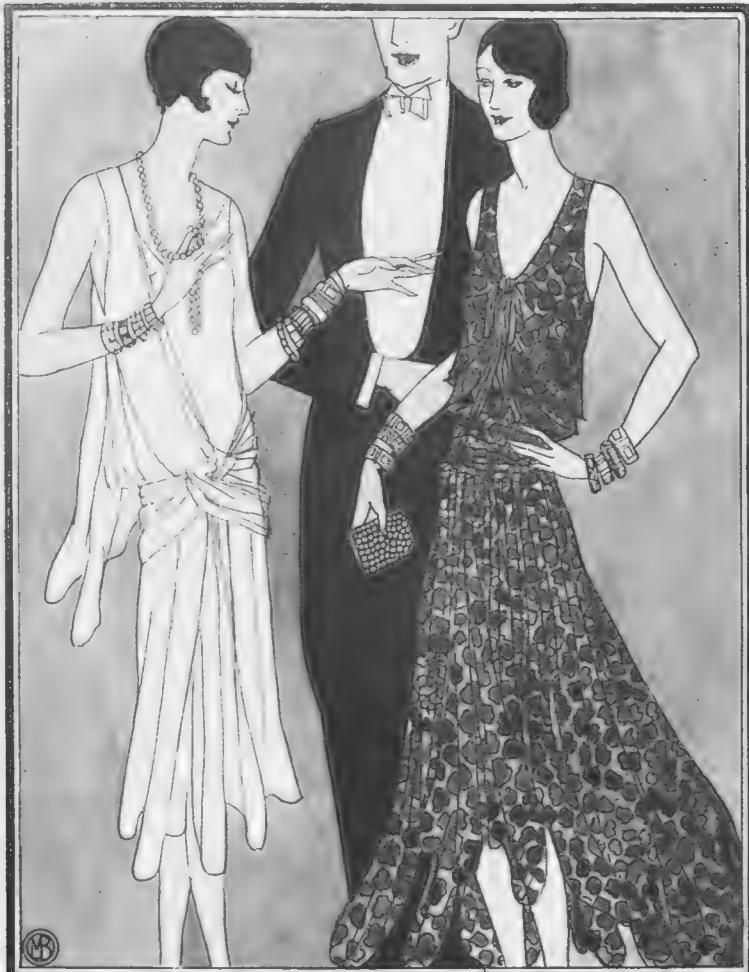
Another model of rose taffetas glacé achieves the same change of silhouette, but in a different manner, for, instead of floating fullness, the taffetas lends its quaint stiff draperies to a wide full skirt, and large taffetas flowers hold the folds in place here and there.

Quite another *genre* has the intricately draped gown of heavy white satin—not a usual or commonplace white, by any means, but a strange mother-of-pearl tone—quite sophisticated. This special tint and the subtle draping give sufficient character to this dress to allow the wearer to dispense with any other trimming, save a few well-chosen jewels.

In this trio of frocks we have the three leading tendencies of the season; but, of course, there are many varied "in between" styles to be seen, notably models of black lace (always *chic* and useful) and others of silk fringe for dinner and less dressy occasions.

A charming mode which seems to have come to stay with us is the two-piece evening costume, composed of a lace or

[Continued overleaf.]



Earnestly discussing new systems in still newer frocks. Heavy mother-of-pearl satin, exquisitely draped, is the *raison d'être* of the smart gown on the left; and opposite is a flowered chiffon whose silhouette has an intriguing air of studied simplicity, dipping and swaying like a flower.

promenade, and distantly those of further resorts blink in response—then does a still more sparkling whirl of life begin.

Magnificent cars glide noiselessly along flower-bordered drives, and intriguing silhouettes wrapped in silks, satins, and furs flash and vanish from the semi-darkness outside into the dazzling light of the Casino.

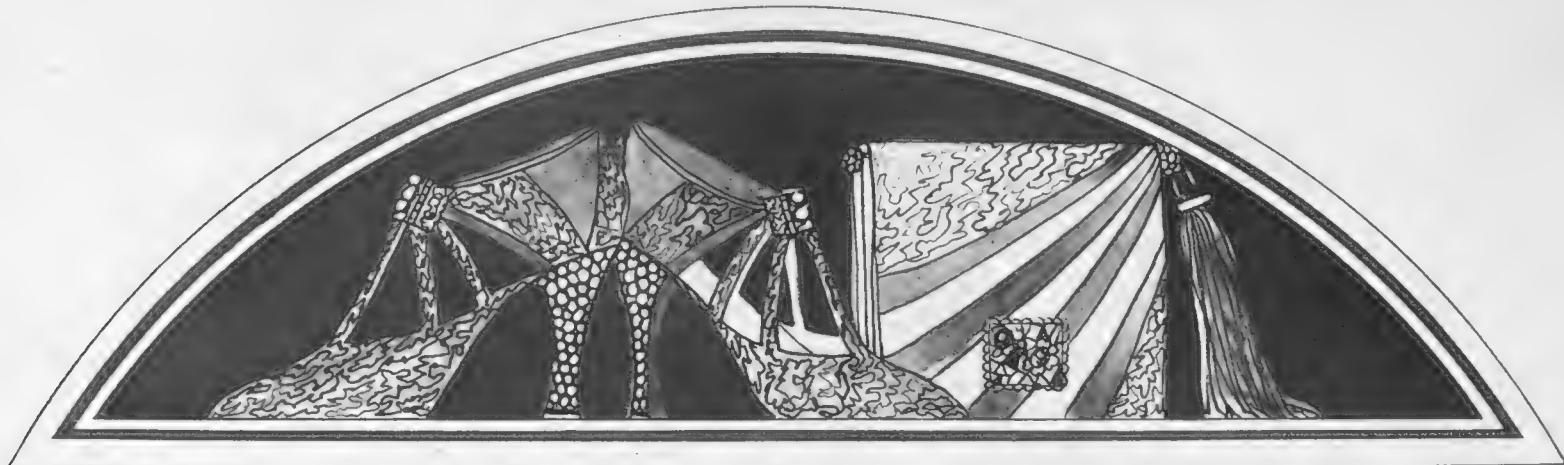
In Deauville, Le Touquet, and Dinard fashionable life after nine o'clock p.m. is practically modelled after the same pattern, and in one resort as in the other it is the *chic* thing to dine late, to be seen any time between eleven and midnight at baccarat or roulette, then to make a tardy appearance at the elegant dance place of the moment. A sort of inviolable rule seems to make everyone want to do exactly the same thing at exactly the same hour; and, but for the excitement of the playing and the everlasting charm and novelty of the Parisienne and her frocks, these evenings would indeed be somewhat lacking in *imprévu*.

tions towards a general softening and feminising of the silhouette. Floating panels and irregular skirts give a delicate butterfly appearance to summer evening frocks; whilst tulle, lace, and flowered chiffon are treated with art and understanding.

The old-time picture frock is revived in one charming creation of flowered chiffon, and yet cleverly a certain modern piquancy is retained. The pattern is bold and frank in colours, and



En route for the Casino you brush against lovely wraps such as these. On the left is the new "gandourah" style of cloak with long floating draperies of silver tissue, and on the right a magnificently patterned lamé trimmed with fox.



Jewelled heels, buckles, and bags glitter bravely under a thousand lights in this famous summer Casino des Deux Mondes.

Continued.]

chiffon frock over which is worn a transparent coat of lace and chiffon. Sometimes even beading adds its note of richness. At times this coatee is not worn, and the dress, of course, has a very different aspect. A

lamé, it has long wide scarves which can either be wrapped around the throat, thrown over the head, or left hanging, back and front. Long silver fringes add to the movement and the irregular

hem, whilst the lining is of peach-coloured chiffon velvet.

Even coiffures are changing towards the same movement which is influencing the present-day evening dress. It is so true



Almost Napoleonic in period is this distinctive mode of wearing the hair, which is, nevertheless, seen with stately modern dresses in the summer of 1927.

variable dress is a very useful one to take away on summer holidays, when, however large the trunk may be, one never has just quite sufficient changes.

To wear over these flimsy creations on cool summer nights, light yet cosy capes are just the thing. Lamé in small patterns of gold, silver, and vivid tones is lined with chiffon velvet to tone. High collars of pale fox fur are favourite trimmings, and they partially protect the head and coiffure; fox is the most elegant of all fancy furs.

To throw over those frocks which have irregular hems, special wraps have to be chosen, for not all styles would look well with the dress appearing partly below the hem. So a most beautiful "gandourah" style of cloak has been devised, with long floating draperies and quite Oriental lines. Of silver



A white silk wig, beautifully waved, gives a demure air to this fashionable Deauville habituee who is the pioneer of a new mode at the summer plages.



This "coiffure à la coq" is an ultra-smart mode to be seen at the Casino. The short hair is carefully curled and waved to give this effect.

that the close Eton crop, so delightful on the golf-course or tennis-court, loses its charm when an elaborate evening dress is donned. So Antoine, an acknowledged dictator of the Parisienne coiffure, has discovered many charming ways of curling and dressing bobbed hair in more truly feminine manner for evening festivities. Now waves and curls are once more *en vogue*, and it is even rumoured here and there that wigs are soon to appear on the scenes of fashion. Indeed, a fine white silk wig, beautifully waved in becoming ringlets, is being worn just now by a few very smart women. The effect is so successful, and they are so practical to wear at times when bathing or sports have upset the order of one's own coiffure, that there is little doubt of this mode becoming quite popular.



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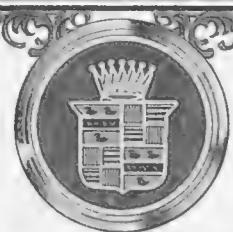
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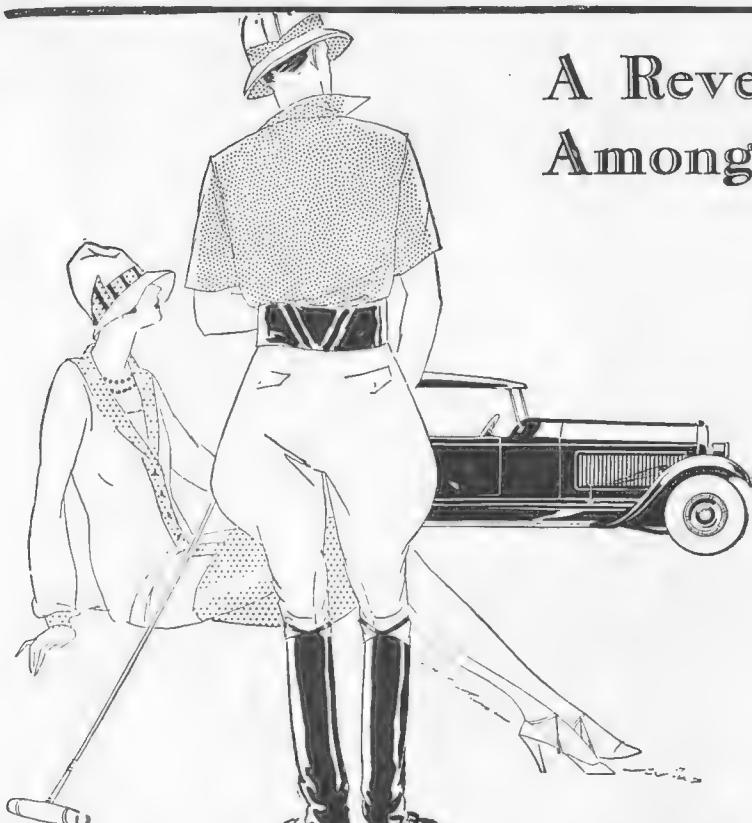
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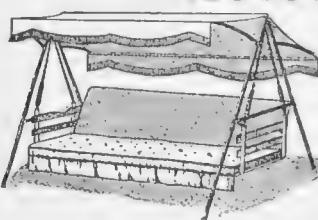
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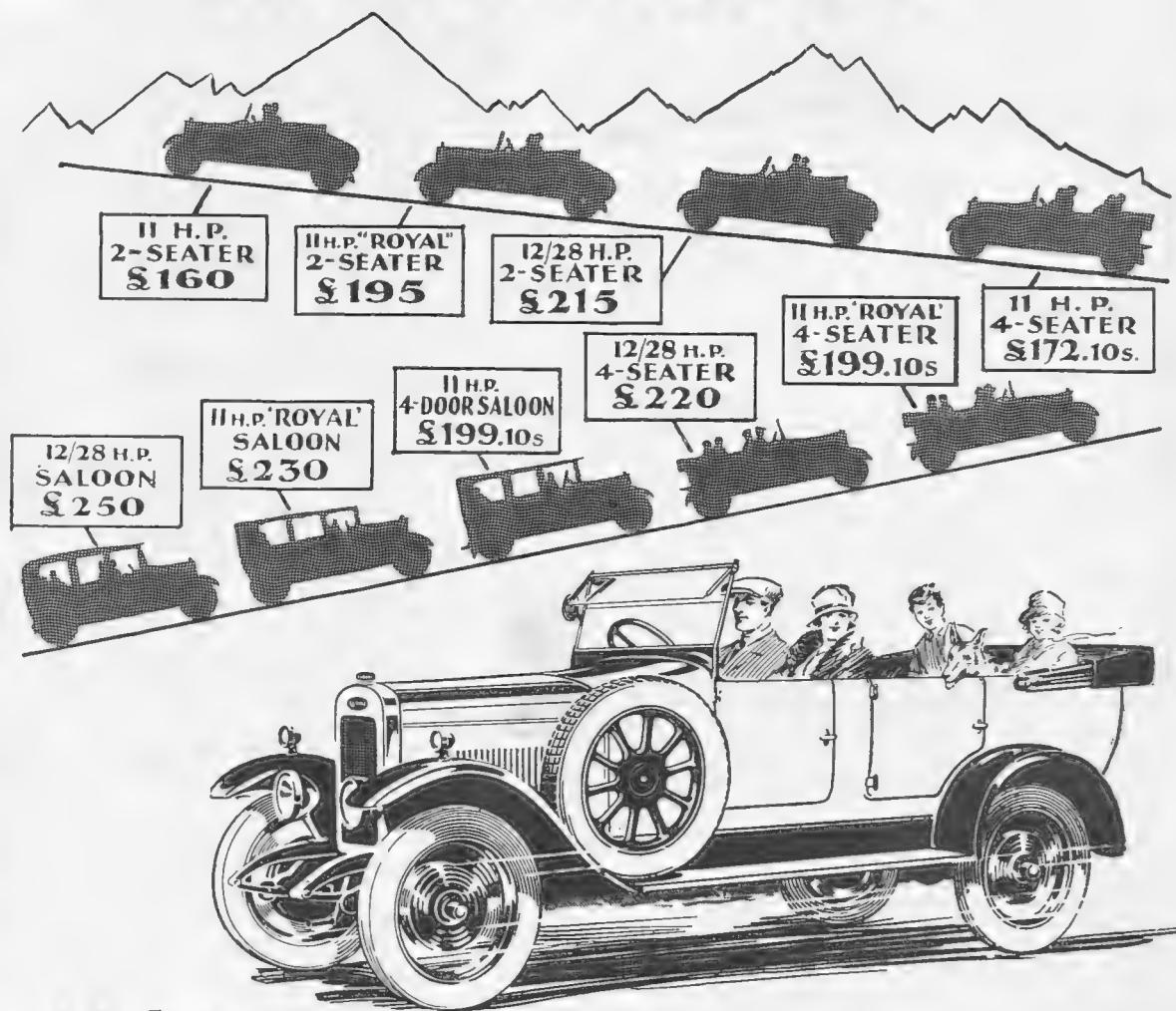
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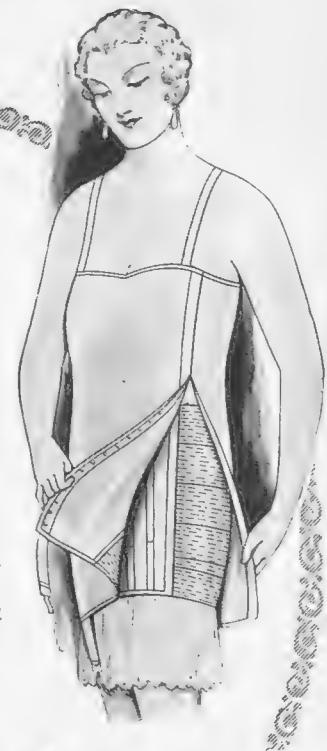
Ask to see the Warner Shadow Wrap-around (such as the figure on the left holds), Model No. 0303, Sizes 24-34, **32/6**; or the Warner Shadow Corselette (such as the figure is wearing), Model No. 3354, Sizes 32-42, **32/6**; also Model No. 0307, Sizes 23-32, **16/9**; and Model No. 0311, Suspender Belt, Sizes 24-32, **12/9**, all Side-Fastening Models; and Model No. 0375 (similar model to No. 0303), with Busk Central, Sizes 26-36, **32/6**.

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Permanent Hair Waving is not the work of machines or preparations as many want you to believe.

If the machines, no matter which make, and the preparations are accessories for the operation, the human skill is the principal factor, and the brain behind it has to have full knowledge of the quality,

texture and composition of the hair to achieve success.

Why the hundreds and hundreds of failures I hear of, failures which take months and months to restore to normal conditions? I take the liberty of telling you that those who have been careless enough to either forego the perfect attention had at an Establishment of repute, just to try the bombastically introduced so-called novelty, or were tempted by the cheapness offered, must discriminate—in fact, must become wiser. My motto is, "Seek real trustworthy expert advice, which can be had either by personal consultation or by letter free of charge, and follow it with confidence." You Ladies ought to have ever present in mind that your hair is your (*for times immemorial chanted*) glory, which, if perfectly permanently waved and dressed, will be an adornment to your features, an asset to your general appearance, the finishing touch to the whole scheme of perfect elegance upon which you spend so much time and take so much trouble.

For your guidance I take the opportunity to illustrate on these pages two heads of hair perfectly permanently waved. The first one represents an extreme style in elegance, the other a more practical one, because it is likely to suit the majority. However, I want to draw your attention to the fact that my artist Permanent Wavers have absolutely distinguished the one "masterpiece" from the other simply by cleverly manipulating the hair, which was totally different in quality, colour, and substance.

The young lady whose photograph is on the left page has hair of a most difficult texture to work on, finer than silk and having barely any power of resistance. Our "STEAMETTE" process was applied, and the operator worked the hair in a special way to ensure a wave of a medium size, as otherwise very little satisfactory result would have been obtained because smaller waves on delicate hair give a better opportunity to the Artist Coiffeur to effect a perfect *ensemble*.

For the other, who has such strong hair that we could have used our Super-Rapid process but for the delicate fair colour, the operator employed the OIL BORAXINE, and produced larger waves.

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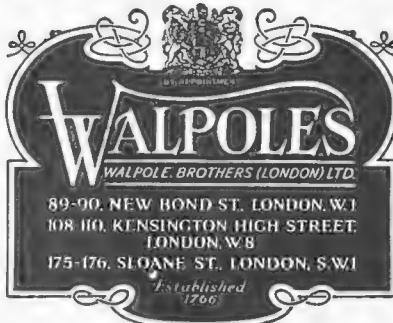
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There is no other preparation like this wonderful Muscle Oil to strengthen the exhausted tissues, round-out furrowed cheeks, smooth and invigorate sagging muscles of the face and neck, 5/6, 10/6, 21/6

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GANESH CLEANSING CREAM—This soothing and penetrating Cream cleanses the pores of all impurities, leaving the skin smooth, soft and lovely, 6/6 & 8/6

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Ltd., London.



As it Penetrates
to the Roots it
will replace
the loss of the
Natural Oil in
the Hair, the want of
which causes Baldness.
Ladies and Children should
always use it, as it lays
the foundation of a
luxuriant growth.



How to keep your hands beautiful

A WOMAN'S hands should be always beautiful — milk-white and as soft as silk ; yet to keep them so they must have constant care. Frequent and thorough cleansing ; then protection — therein lies the secret alike of lovely hands and Pond's Two Creams.

First should come regular cleansing of the skin with *Pond's Cold Cream*— often throughout the day and always before retiring. This clears the tiny pores of dirt and all impurities. After each daytime cleansing wipe away the cream and dirt with a soft cloth, then use *Pond's Vanishing Cream* for finish and protection. Deliciously fragrant, wonderfully soothing, it makes the skin truly lovely both to see and touch.

From all Chemists and Stores. In handsome Opal Jars, 1/3 and 2/6. In Tubes, 7½d. (for handbag) and 1/-. *Pond's Cold Cream*, also in extra large Jars, 5/-, and in extra large Tubes, 2/6.

TRIAL SAMPLES

Pond's Extract Co., Dept. 20, 103, St. John Street, E.C.1, will send, for 2d. in stamps for postage and packing, a sample tube of both Creams.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN"



Pond's —
Vanishing & Cold
Creams

100
SAF

Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

British Victory at Le Mans.

There have been many rejoicings in the sporting motoring world that Dr. J. D. Benjafield and Mr.

S. C. H. Davis won the French Grand Prix twenty-four hours' endurance race run on June 18 and 19, driving alternately the three-litre Bentley and covering 1472·6 miles in the twenty-four hours, at an average speed of 61·36 miles per hour, which placed the winning car 212 miles ahead of its nearest competitor; also that Mr. F. C. Clement, driving the new four-and-a-half litre Bentley, put up the record lap of the race at 73·01 miles per hour, and covered 140·86 miles in two hours—nine minutes ahead of the nearest competitor. It was a wonderful race, and but for one of the French cars in the middle of the night unfortunately crashing taking a corner, overturning, and lying right across the road, so as to obstruct the cars and the leading two Bentleys crashed into it, followed afterwards by Davis on the three-litre Bentley, who crashed, but not so seriously as the others, all three cars would have finished and held the first three places. Fortunately, neither George Duller—who was one of the drivers—Clement, Major L. G. Callingham, nor Baron d'Erlanger were seriously injured, though, unfortunately, their two mounts were smashed up in the general mêlée.

A Series of Smashes. How it happened was thus-

wise: At the Arnage turn, Tambourin, who was driv-

ing one of the Th. Schneider cars, taking an easy left-hand bend, struck and carried away the wall on the left-hand side of the road over a length of about twenty yards, and came to a stop across the road at the beginning of the bend. Before the folks in the little farm near by had time to rush and pull the wrecked car off the course, Callingham

swept down on the wreck at nearly ninety miles an hour, and his headlights revealed an obstacle, so he had to try for safety in the ditch on the right-hand side of the road. Missing the wrecked Schneider, No. 1 Bentley car crashed into the muddy ditch, throwing Callingham into the middle of the highway, where he suffered, fortunately,



but then could not avoid striking the tail of No. 1 Bentley. This smashed a wheel, doubled up the right front mud-guard,



ALIGHTING FROM A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE ENCLOSED LANDAUETTE: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE NAUTICAL COLLEGE, PANGBOURNE.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is shown alighting from a delightful type of luxury carriage, a Rolls-Royce fitted with a Hooper enclosed landauette.

and reduced the right-hand head-light to a mass of crumpled metal.

Well - Deserved Honours. One can imagine the scene,

Davis and Duller hunting

for Callingham, who had gone down the road with the idea of giving a warning to those behind; but whether he was successful or not, the next two cars were sufficiently stopped to manage to wriggle through the mass of piled-up cars with but slight damage. Davis contrived to put on the spare wheel, and continued round the circuit for five or six rounds before handing the car over to Dr. Benjafield, with the serious handicap of having lost in the smash and repairs half-a-dozen laps to his rivals, and the car having a bent front axle; yet, as we know, Benjafield and Davis put up the biggest distance in the whole race, and won the Grand Prix de l'Endurance for 1927; and the Automobile Club de l'Ouest awarded them the Gold Medal for the finest motoring performance of the year—and well they deserved it. No wonder they were feted and banqueted on their return by the R.A.C. and other organisations, as well as those manufacturers like K.L.G. plugs and Shell Oil.

Sir Arthur Stanley, who presided over the luncheon given to the Bentley team, not only congratulated the two amateur drivers on their fine performance, but also the makers and manufacturers concerned, and especially the Bentley Motor Company, as this Dr. Benjafield owned a private standard Bentley, which he had used every day for the past twelve months in his practice, visiting his patients, yet achieved

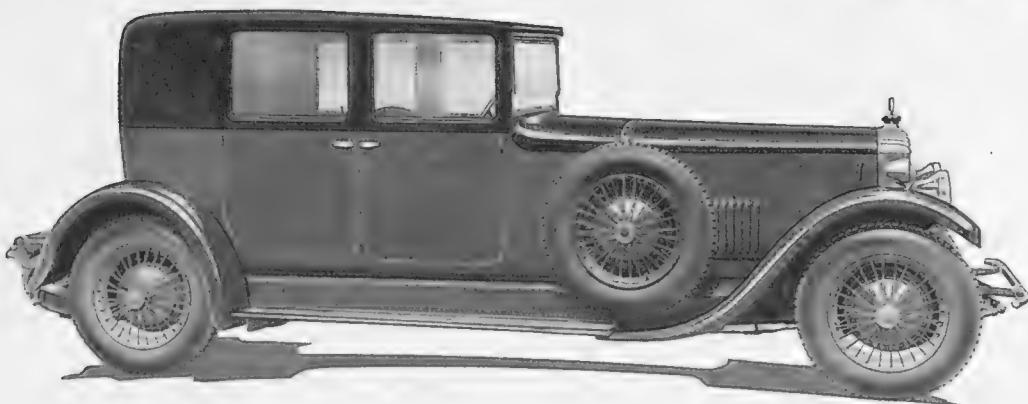
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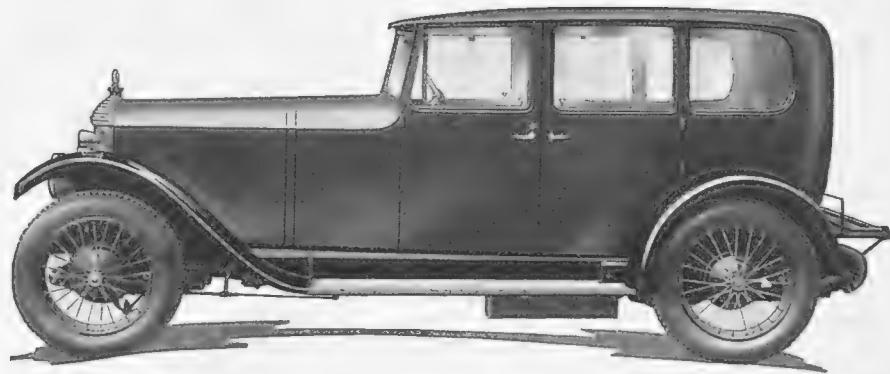
THE SPANISH LAWN-TENNIS STAR AND HER NEW CAR: SEÑORITA DE ALVAREZ, WITH HER BENTLEY 3-LITRE TOURER.

Señorita de Alvarez, the runner-up in the ladies' singles in the Wimbledon Lawn-Tennis Championships, is not only a fine lawn-tennis player, but a good all-round sportswoman. She is a keen motorist, and has just bought a Bentley 3-litre tourer. We picture her above with this delightful car, which was supplied by Messrs. Gaffikin Wilkinson and Co., Ltd., of Hanover Square, W.

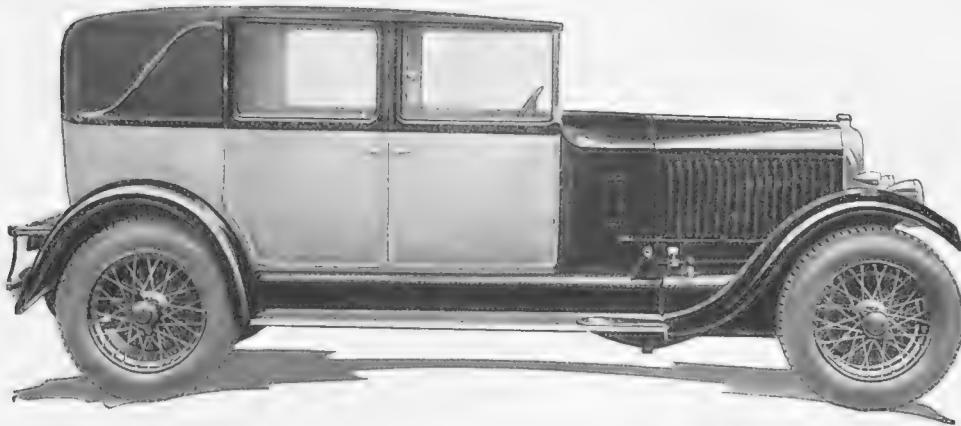
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A stately Mulliner five-seater saloon on Double Six **DAIMLER**. With saddle scuttle and colour scheme in two shades of blue, this magnificent car can justifiably be claimed to represent the perfection of its class. - - - £2,500



20/70 Q. **DAIMLER** with Mulliner sports saloon, having finely polished top of scuttle and bonnet. A car of distinct elegance and convenience. - - - £950



Mulliner Coupé-de-Ville on 20/70 **VAUXHALL**. With the Mulliner extending arms, making a complete enclosed drive Coupé-de-Ville and carried out in a striking colour scheme of primrose and black, this especially attractive car is a worthy example of Mulliner coachcraft. £1,750

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Continued.

this British victory, bringing kudos not only to the nation, but to the whole British automobile world. This was no specially boosted-up car, different from any other ordinary motor carriage, using specials for this, that, and the other; neither were the other Bentley cars, which, but for the calamity in which they were involved through no fault of their own, would have finished first, second and third in this wonderful race. Both the French officials and the crowd gave the Bentleys a rare cheering as they finished, and all the drivers paid tribute to the courtesy and kindness they had received from everybody. That goodness our official body in sporting motoring matters, the R.A.C., appreciated; and when Colonel Lindsay Lloyd represented the Club at the French Grand Prix at Montlhéry, he carried official thanks, and these from our leading officials, for their kindness to our competitors, to the President of the A.C. de France, and the International Federation.

After this Odyssey, it seems rather an anti-climax to remind members and associate members of the R.A.C. that all R.A.C. telephone boxes in England and Wales have recently been fitted with a standard lock, so that they can be used at any time of the day or night, if a guide is not in attendance. Master-keys giving access to any box are available to R.A.C. members and associate members at a cost of one shilling; but it appears that few members seem to know this, as I discovered recently, so I hasten to give this publicity, especially as the touring season is now in full swing.

Dunlops Entertain There has been a succession of luncheon functions recently, to celebrate British motoring successes, as, whatever folks may say

about the prowess of other nations in various forms of sport, Englishmen are managing to hold their own in the automobile world. Sir George Beharrell presided at the Piccadilly Hotel over a company which included a dozen M.P.s and other distinguished folk, to congratulate Mr. Frank Gray, ex-M.P. for Oxford, and to commemorate his successful adventure in motoring from Lagos to Massawa, a journey of 3500 miles or so, the first crossing of the African Continent by motor-car from the Atlantic to the Red Sea. The two Jowett cars in which Mr. Gray and his companion, Mr. J. Sawyer, travelled made the journey without any prearranged supplies or special equipment; and though the native interpreter was of great use in finding the way across the bush country, the black mechanic fell sick early in the trek, and was more or less a passenger for three weeks.

Anyway, it was a marvellous feat that two small British cars should pack all the food, luggage, and fuel, to say nothing of water in some cases, as out of the whole journey, 1800 miles was across desert country. The trip was of infinite value to the whole motoring industry, demonstrating that British cars could perform any feat, and were as suitable for rough country as they are for smooth British roads. As Mr. Gray himself expressed it (in returning thanks for the silver model of the car presented to him, made in the Birmingham Crafts School), at Khano alone, 100,000 tons of nuts were at present being carried by means of camels and oxen which could be better carried by motor transport. He hoped that the trip would assist in obtaining orders for British manufacturers, as he was a great believer in the future prosperity of that country.

BILLS OF LADING.

(Continued from Page 77.)

the ribs had done the trick, a kick in the ribs from that dirty Jew Rabinoff; all the Via Venti Settembre toppled down on his head.

"What in hell's the matter?"

"Sergeant, we've caught them at last."

"Caught who? What are you gibbering about?"

"They're gun-running right underneath your nose."

That woke Giovanni up! He yelled to his company to stand to arms, then, turning to Rabinoff: "I'll make you a first-class soldier for this if you're telling the truth; otherwise the 'Batt. d'Aff,' and a good riddance to bad rubbish."

"Well, come to the top of the hill, Sergeant, and you'll see."

Giovanni stumbled up, sleepy, with a sticky mouth, cursing at every step, but he got to the top finally, and there he saw what he saw. A little steamer lying out in the bay—the little steamer, so it seemed, which he had seen for the last fortnight knocking about the coast. And on the beach was a big ship's lifeboat, surrounded by a crowd of Moors, feverishly unloading long wooden cases. At last Giovanni was going to catch them. He ran back down the sand-dune and kicked his company to attention. He formed them up, and steadily they marched over the sand-hill. But even as they came on the sky-line, the Moors bolted for their lives, and the boat's crew pushed off to sea, rowing desperately towards the little steamer. There remained only a pile of cases on the shore, and a little white figure sprawling in the shade of the palm-grove. This time Giovanni was going to do something. All the same, he felt that the boat's crew were dirty swine to leave their boss in

[Continued overleaf.]

CUT BY SPLINTERED GLASS

FROM "The Motor," 24th May, 1927. Speaking of Triplex: "The greatest risk in the event of a collision is of severe cuts caused by fragments of broken glass, and any invention which prevents pieces of glass becoming detached in the event of a fracture is of vital importance in increasing the factor of safety in motoring."

Are you still exposing your passengers to this grave risk? Be warned in time.

DON'T BE PUT OFF—

Fit "Triplex" and be Safe

The Triplex Safety Glass Co., Limited, 1, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1; also
The Triplex Safety Glass Company of North America Inc., 75, West Street, New York

THREEFOLD SMASH.

CAR AND LORRIES WRECKED & 3 PEOPLE INJURED.

The Great West Road at Bedfont, Middlesex, was the scene last night of yet another accident, on this occasion three motor vehicles being involved and three persons injured.

Before the two wrecked cars could be moved a four-seater motor-car collided with one of the smashed vehicles and was itself smashed up. The driver of the motor-car, Capt. [redacted] of [redacted] House, near Reading, escaped injury, but his wife, who was sitting next to him, was thrown through the wind-screen and was so badly injured that she was taken to Staines Cottage Hospital and detained.

Extract from the *Daily Mail*,
5th April, 1927.



HAS YOUR SKIN THAT 'END-OF-SEASON' LOOK?
VISIT THE CYCLAX SALONS BEFORE YOU LEAVE TOWN

CYCLAX SKIN FOOD
is made in four strengths.
It is the only cream that
braces and nourishes at the
same time. It sinks deep
down into the tissues, feed-
ing and toning them so that
the surface becomes smooth
and firm and clear. Price
4/-, 7/6, 15/- and 28/-



CYCLAX FACE POWDER
Here, at last, is the perfect
powder, made of ingredients
which actually nourish your
skin. Mrs. Hemming will
make it up in any shade to
match your skin. Its deli-
cate, even bloom lasts for
hours without any need for
'repairs.' Price 5/6 and 6/6



58 South Molton St.
London
Telephone: Mayfair 3972

EVEN to the youngest debutante the season is a trying time 'complexionally'—if one may coin the word. Late nights and hot crowded rooms have a way of withering the freshest skin.

Don't put off your introduction to Cyclax until after your holidays. Good clean air and sunlight will do wonders for your skin—if you protect it adequately first. Otherwise wind and sunburn and freckles may make matters worse than ever. So learn how to feed your skin; how to protect it with the lightest film of cooling lotion and delicate powder, so that it can breathe air and sunlight without roughening or reddening.

There is something so sympathetic about the Cyclax salons. Wide, airy rooms. Quiet, deft demonstrators whose own milk-and-rosy skins are the best advertisement Mrs. Hemming could have. If you, very wisely, decide to try a treatment, you will be amazed how much fairer and smoother your skin looks after it.

It really is important to discuss your case personally, even if you are only choosing a face powder, so do come to the Cyclax Salons if you possibly can, and have a free consultation on your particular case. In any case, write for a free copy of Mrs. Hemming's fascinating new book, 'The Cyclax Way to Loveliness.'

You can have the wonderful Cyclax treatment at the Cyclax Salons in London or in Liverpool. There is an agent for Cyclax preparations in all the most important towns in Great Britain.

CYCLAX SPECIAL LOTION
is literally the only thing of
its kind. You use it care-
fully once or twice a week
and it works amazingly
quickly. It cleans every
pore and makes your skin
wonderfully white and trans-
parent in a short time.
Price 5/6, 10/6, 20/-, 58/-



CYCLAX SUNBURN LOTION
is made up in various thick-
nesses and various shades, so
that you can choose the best
for the texture and colouring
of your skin. Its delicate
bloom protects your skin, and
clears and freshens and
nourishes it. Price 4/6,
8/6, 16/- and 50/-



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C Y C L A X

Continued.]

the lurch, for he took it that the white figure was their boss.

Steadily he marched on, and as he neared the palm-trees the man in white came towards him; perfectly dressed, with spotless white shoes, immaculately creased trousers, Willie Johnstone went to his end. Two of Giovanni's men took him and held him, while Giovanni and Smit went over to the cases on the shore. One of them was half-open; in it lay the shining barrels of five machine-guns—the Moors are cunning folk, they always inspect the nature of a shipment before they take delivery. The two Legionaries pushed Willie before the pile of cases; Giovanni declared the court-martial open. This was the "slight risk" which Ali Pasha had talked about. There was no defence, and Willie had none to offer. He looked out to sea; there was the little steamer with the Red Ensign flying, and the boat's crew just going alongside.

If only he had not gone to sleep, if only the sand had not been so soft and warm, if only the palm-trees had not sung together. Too late now, but he'd put a bold face on it, all the same.

He looked Giovanni straight in the face. "Who the hell are you, and who's this crowd of knock-kneed ruffians?"

Giovanni didn't like his company to be called a "crowd of knock-kneed ruffians." True, they would scarcely have passed muster on a parade of Guards; still— He mastered his temper. "I am Giovanni Batista, non-commissioned officer in the third company of the second regiment of the French Foreign Legion, and I arrest you in the name of the French Republic for smuggling arms into rebel territory."

"What do you propose to do about it? Where and when am I going to be tried?"

"Here and now. Your nationality?"
"English."

"Very well; you have the right to an interpreter."

He pointed out Corporal Smit. Smit went up to him, and they looked each other straight in the face. "My God, Major—"

Smit clenched his hands. "For the love of God, don't say my name. They know me as Smit here; let them go on knowing it. Christ forgive me, and I ticked you off in the mess for wearing brogue shoes—for wearing brogue shoes! And now—no hope for you, Johnstone, you're for the high jump; gun-running's a capital offence in these parts. You're going through it—I wish to God I was in your place."

But Giovanni was growing impatient; he turned to Smit. "Has the prisoner anything to say in his defence?" Willie shook his head.

"Very well; he knows the penalty."

Willie nodded. He looked at the little steamer with the red ensign—the little steamer in which he had sailed from Tilbury Docks—those docks on which he had counted so many cases for Selig, Selig and Co. The little steamer was sailing away, and now he would never see Tilbury Docks again. His throat ran a little dry. This grim-faced man in khaki, his red képi pushed on the back of his head, little drops of perspiration dripping over his eyes—yes, he was properly for the high jump; but he never knew what Giovanni felt at that minute.

"My friend, it is my duty to sentence you to death, to be carried out immediately."

Willie turned his head away for a second; so did Giovanni: this was a bad business. But Willie pulled himself together.

"As you wish, Sergeant; let's at least have a drink together."

And he pulled out of his pocket a bottle which he had brought off the *Jasmine*. Giovanni was not to be outdone. He had

one cigar left—his precious cigar, which he had kept for months. He offered it to Willie, and together they smoked and drank.

Willie was superb; no longer a shipping clerk going to his doom in the directors' office, but rather a buccaneer facing his ultimate end. He had no fear; that seemed to have left him: only it seemed that he was drinking and smoking with an old pal. Corporal Smit, who was still *ex officio* interpreter, although his services were not required, had crawled behind a palm-tree, burying his face in the sand, his fingers pushed into his ears.

Giovanni called his company together; he made his dispositions for sacking the village. They had richly deserved it, caught red-handed running guns—they'd make a real *razzia*. Yet looking at Willie, through his brain ran Mercanti's immortal words, the hymn of Garibaldi, the hymn of the Bersaglieri which he would never hear again—

The tombs are open, the dead are risen again,

All our martyrs have come back to us.

"May I ask when and how this interesting operation is going to take place?"

Giovanni answered: "When you've finished your cigar, and with a rope."

For a moment Willie flinched. "Can't you give me a soldier's end?"

"No, old pal; we've only fifty rounds per man, and we're in hostile country. At any moment we may have to fight for our lives. We can't waste the shots on you—I must think of my men."

"Yes, you're right, Sergeant. Always think of your men, and they will think of you."

With a little mocking smile he pointed to *S.S. Jasmine*, that was far out towards the horizon.

Then he threw away his cigar.

THE END.

Schweppes
LEMON SQUASH

Made from the finest Messina lemons.

FLAGONS & BOTTLES
2/-

★ and there's Orange Squash too!

THE HUMANE GARDEN GUIDE — Par
Hedge-trimming —

Keep shears well sharpened to ensure cleanly-cut stems. If no ladder is available, an empty box is of great help in the operation of trimming. Its use obviates the necessity for raising the arms above the head, and so prevents undue fatigue.

WILLS



Sparkling smiles are, perhaps, the biggest thing in being beautiful. Thus, Pepsodent that brightens teeth by removing dingy film is now accepted as a foremost beauty aid

Always have Film-Free Teeth To Gain Smiles That Gleam and Glisten

TEETH and gums are imperilled, say many authorities, by a film that forms on teeth.

Ordinary brushing having failed to combat it effectively, a new way in tooth cleansing has been advised. A way that differs in formula and effect from previous methods — embodied in the special film-removing dentifrice Pepsodent.

Now an effective film combatant

By running your tongue across your teeth, you will feel a film; a slippery sort of coating. Ordinary brushing does not remove it.

Film absorbs discolourations from food, smoking, etc. That is why, according to leading dental opinion, teeth look dingy and "off colour."

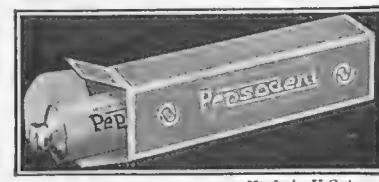
Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It is the basis of tartar. It invites decay and must be constantly combated.

Most dental authorities urgently advise thorough film removal at least twice each day. That is every morning and every night.

For that purpose, obtain Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice which leading dental authorities favour.

Pepsodent curdles the film, then removes it; then polishes the teeth in gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids which may cause decay and scientifically firms the gums. It multiplies alkalinity of saliva.

On dental advice, people are adopting this new way of tooth cleansing. Obtain Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, from your chemist. Two months' supply at a moderate price. Use twice every day. See your dentist twice each year. Make both a habit.



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The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

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the famous dancer, so popular with Londoners during the brilliant ballet season at Covent Garden, writes:—

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From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given with equally good results to the children.

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Aldwych.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: CCVII.

THE following comes from Johannesburg. "I came to the conclusion, many years ago, that the blind lead of highest of partner's suit is asking for trouble; and also that an initial call of two was a bad policy; and it has given me great pleasure to find my experience confirmed by such an authority as yourself. I have kept a record of results for the past three and a half years, and the figures may be of interest to you."

June-Dec. 1923 - 79 sittings - - - 49,500 points up
 Jan.-June 1924 - 68 sittings - - - 39,800 points up
 July-Dec. 1924 - 66 sittings - - - 49,300 points up
 Jan.-June 1925 - 65 sittings - - - 30,300 points up
 July-Dec. 1925 - 87 sittings - - - 32,200 points up
 Jan.-June 1926 - 126 sittings - - - 68,400 points up
 Nov.-Dec. 1926 - 23 sittings - - - 13,400 points up

So it would appear that even at bridge there is nothing new! I was under the impression, when I wrote on similar lines about the blind lead of highest card in partner's suit, that not only was I the only writer who dared the assertion, but also that no player ever dreamt of making any other kind of lead; and here my Johannesburg correspondent tells me that he cut it out years ago. His figures are interesting. Results over a period of three years must be allowed to prove something, and undoubtedly some of his success must be attributed to varying this *jeu de règle* lead, and to keeping off the pernicious opening bid of two tricks.

Now, I like to flatter myself that in bridge affairs I deal fairly—I mean I never quote half an opinion (or letter) just because that half fits in with my own personal views, and then keep quiet about the other half. This same Johannesburg

reader goes on to say: "I find the double of one no-trump useful on occasions; but one must hold a good all-round hand to do it on, or one is asking for trouble. Suppose the score is one game all and the opponents are 20 up; one no-trump will give them game and rubber. I hold such a hand that I cannot call two of anything, yet have good all-round cards; double, and my partner gives longest suit, and usually the game is saved with a small loss to ourselves, or with (usually) something to the good. The mistake many players make is to double with a hand much too weak for the purpose. With all good wishes, P. D. C."

For all I said about P. D. C.'s success, and the reasons for it, my opinion on this last point remains unaltered. The double is bad bridge, and, anyhow, it is but a spineless effort to shirk responsibility; and, if so many players make the mistake of doubling on too weak a hand, would they not be well advised to discard that convention altogether?

The amusing, or perhaps sad, thing about last week's declaring problem is that poor A, on a hand that so many players dream about but never hold, could do no right; whatever he did he was bound to lose. This was the situation. A, dealer, held—

SPADES—A.
 HEARTS—A, 10.
 CLUBS—A, Q, 8, 4, 2.
 DIAMONDS—A, K, Q, 8, 4—

and bid one no-trump; Y, two spades; B and Z, no bid; A, two no-trumps; Y, three spades; B and Z, no bid. What should A say?

The human element, of course, will be the deciding factor for three no-trumps. Possibly the bid is correct. In all events, there are 100 aces, and that is a holding on which few players can resist high no-trump bidding. A would seem to have eight certain tricks in his own hand, for he is entitled to anticipate a clear run of five tricks in diamonds; so he must have more than an even chance of game, and that is good enough to re-bid on at all times; and there are always those four aces. If, however, the diamonds do not run off, and if Y manages to get in (and this he is pretty sure to do on the calling and on A's own holding), a three no-trump contract may become well unstuck; but then there is a partner who at any rate has thirteen cards, and those aces to set off against liability. The alternative bid is four diamonds. This probably is the correct bid in theory, because the chances of game are much the same as at no-trumps, and the chance of loss much less. Yet another move would be to double three spades, which should make sure of getting something out of this hand anyway; and it leaves an optional three no-trump call open to partner. Actually, A did bid four diamonds, and as, of necessity, his bid must be more in the nature of guess-work than of absolutely correct bidding, he would be given full marks in the declaration. Y bid four spades, and this A doubled, which, without question, was the correct move; and Y made four spades doubled.

Here are the full hands, from which it will be seen that A must lose whatever he does. He can save game only by bidding four no-trumps, and that doubled (as it would have been) meant a loss of

[Continued overleaf]

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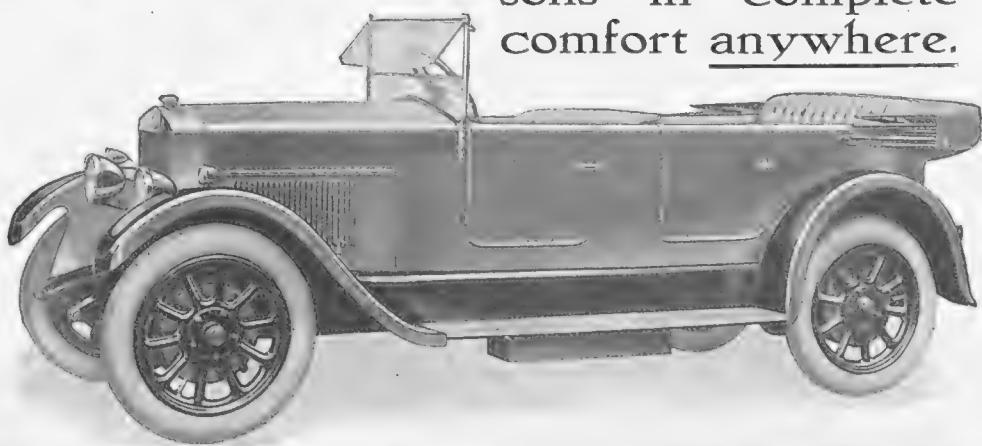
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Continued.

400 less 100 for honours; six diamonds would be better, but still a big loser; while his double of four spades on an apparent dead card certainty cost him nearly 100 points.

SPADES—X, X.
HEARTS—X, X, X
CLUBS—10, 9, X.
DIAMONDS—10, X, X, X.

B

SPADES—K, Q, Kn, 9, 8, 3. SPADES—10, 7, 5, 2.
HEARTS—K, Q, 9, 8. Y Z HEARTS—Kn, X, X.
CLUBS—K, Kn, 3. CLUBS—X, X.
DIAMONDS—None. DIAMONDS—Kn, 9, 7, 6.

A
SPADES—A.
HEARTS—A, 10.
CLUBS—A, Q, 8, 4, 2.
DIAMONDS—A, K, Q, 8, 4.

Everyone in search of bargains should apply to Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W., for the catalogue of their July Sale. Paris models have been reduced to half-price, and there is a multitude of similar bargains in every department. For instance, pull-on washable suède gloves in pastel, tan, or beaver, originally 9s. 11d. are reduced to 6s. 11d., and English doe-skin gloves can be secured for 4s. 11d. a pair. In the lampshade and cushion department, a large variety of silk shades for standard lamps, formerly ranging from 5 to 15 guineas, are reduced to 10s. 6d., up to 7 guineas, and odd painted candle-shades are marked at 6d. Garden cushions in a variety of designs are available for 3s. 6d. Then there are artificial flower posies reduced to 1s. 11½d., and large flat muslin chrysanthemums in lovely colours are 5s. 11d., instead of 8s. 11d. Real lizard shoes can be obtained in several designs for 35s. 9d., and coloured morocco leather shoes with a punched design are 29s. 6d., instead of 45s. 9d.

NOVEL NOTES.

TALES OF HATE. By WINIFRED DUKE. (Hodge; 6s.)

"Tales of Hate," by Winifred Duke, is something bigger than an open door to the real Scotland. It is that, certainly, It tears down the cobwebs of sentimental fiction and lets in the daylight of reality. Nothing more illuminating than the description of the Somervilles on their Kincardine-shire farm has been written about the Scots countryman for a long time. "Portrait of Penelope Webb," the study of a little middle-class hell, is equally stark and equally vivid. But the force with which these stories are written is derived from a deeper source than knowledge of Scottish idiosyncrasies. Hate warps and maddens, and hate is a primal disorder. Its processes are insidious, operating day by day and inch by inch. The fight for Eastmayish farm, between William Somerville and his brothers, stands out; the sea, the stinging rain, the wind, contribute to its grimness. Hate is destructive; so it is that its votaries are consumed before one's eyes. Miss Duke is too fine an artist to be didactic: the logic of "Tales of Hate" speaks for itself. The book cannot fail to confirm the impression given by her earlier work that in her we have a writer of uncommon art and power.

MOTHER KNOWS BEST. By EDNA FERBER. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)

If Ruth Draper adopted Edna Ferber's typewriter, she would write just such sketches as the ones in "Mother Knows Best." They are stories witty, stories shrewd, stories ironical, and sometimes sentimental. They set the (American) world before you. They are marvellously alive.

Miss Ferber does not mind handling her countrywomen a little unkindly: it is all for their good, no doubt. "Holiday," the Cowan family at Atlantic City, is as sharp-edged as the story E. M. Delafield wrote on much the same dismal subject, the one with an English seaside setting. "Every Other Thursday" describes what happens when the Finnish hired girl has her day out in New York. That is, it shows you the soul of the Finnish hired girl; and the bottomless indifference of the Mawsons, who hire her. Talk of the gulf between class and class!

FAIR GAME. By OLIVE WADSLEY. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)

"Fair Game" is a spirited exposition of the unfair game—that is, of marrying a beautiful young girl to a middle-aged man. It is so well put that one's sympathies are evenly divided between Gervase Wilmot (forty-seven) and Philippa, his wife (nineteen); until Gervase goes blindly for a vindictive divorce. The marriage was, as Wilmot's friends agreed among themselves, asking for trouble; and the trouble rolled up when temperaments clashed and reckless youth found Darby-and-Joan bliss to be too slow for words. The heroine of such a novel as this, where every emotional point is made, was bound to disappoint her spouse of the longed-for heir by doing something foolish, and after that the deluge was equally bound to follow. The pathetic side of youth comes through in "Fair Game." And, by the way, it contains a study long overdue—the favourable portrait of a "gigolo." Poor but honest, ex-R.A.F., dancing for a living because no other living came his way—that is Archie, from whose bitter little history one may learn that even a "lounge lizard" is not necessarily despicable.

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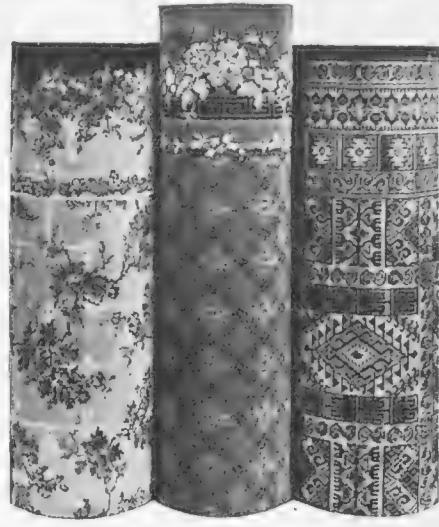
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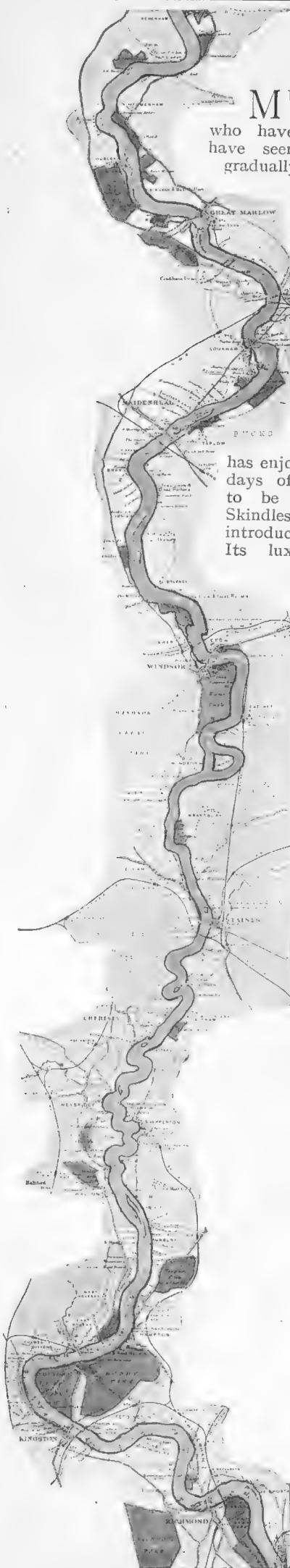
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CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

NO, not this year," Our Stroller answered his broker's inquiry about going away. "I've moved into a new place, you know, and I'm going to have a couple of weeks' gardening."

"Every picture tells a story," the broker quoted with a laugh. "Won't you just be stiff after the first week!"

"It will have worn off by then," was the reply. "I'm fond of gardening, and all other speculations. Seems to me that you want a little sauce to give life a flavour, a bite—and you never know what's going to turn up in gardening or in stocks and shares."

"That's true enough. This world isn't such a bad old place, you know."

"I wouldn't like to pass on the same compliment to your Stock Exchange."

"Pardon me, but without the Stock Exchange you'd find London a very dull hole."

"In wet weather I should. But the Stock Exchange—"

"That's right: blame the Stock Exchange. Who causes the fluctuations in prices? We, or you clients? Tell me that."

"You do, undoubtedly."

"Now, you know that isn't the case. Prices go up and down as demand and supply cause them to; that demand and supply come from clients, and therefore it is the public whose business causes the fluctuations that annoy you so much."

"You're very plausible. But there's a snag in it somewhere, although for the moment I can't see where."

"Turn it over when you're digging," the

broker suggested, "and you will find I'm right. As a rule," he qualified. "There may be occasional exceptions."

"What a game it all is! Here am I, representative of thousands of other people, willing to have a flutter every now and then. We have only two choices—either to buy or to sell. And yet we lose money on balance. Why should that be?"

"Blessed if I know," was the broker's candid confession. "It beats us all. I think that sometimes it has to do with our impatience."

"And impecuniosity," added Our Stroller. "We have neither the time nor the money to see the thing through, as you call it."

"You've got to allow for human frailty, too. Most people insist upon buying. Further, they insist upon buying risky things. So they have two factors—if you're working on the laws of chance—against them at the start."

"Well, put all this into practice. Would you sell a bear of Courtaulds?"

"Gracious, no! Except for a possible turn-snatching gamble. It might pay as that, because the bear always has on his side the possibilities of the unexpected. But for a deliberate bear—" He left the conclusion to an unspoken eloquence.

"British Celanese, then?"

"Very hot stuff. No; I shouldn't care to be a bear of them, except, as with Courtaulds, on the chance of some temporary spasm. You might get a turn out of them like that. I believe there's a wonderful future for that concern."

"In spite of its past history?"

"Because of its history. The company made bad mistakes, and has profited by them. That's how I read the situation and the outlook."

"Same thing ought to apply to other things."

"And to most people. To everybody, in fact—apart from you and me."

"You haven't told me how to make some money for buying rose-trees."

"Plenty of time for that. You don't plant rose-trees yet, Adam."

"Call me Hallmark Carmine or Etoile d'Honneur. I love dark crimson better than red clay."

The broker laughed.

"Bit of a daisy, aren't you?" said he. "Let's see. What shall I put you into?"

"Anywhere but Carey Street."

"I have no wish to lose a good client. How about Tronoh and Tavoy? Or an option in De Beers?"

"A gamble in Controlled?"

"Gamble's the right word there. D'you know, I feel just a shade sorry for Jimmy White?"

"I feel more sorry for the people who lost money over his things."

"It was touch-and-go. I think Jimmy must have lost his nerve, because, if he had been able to hold out a little longer, he ought to have come home all right on Controlled."

"The papers say he had to find a heap of money."

"What of that? He had friends who might have helped him to raise it, and who could have seen him through. I feel, as I say, that he lost his nerve. I might lose mine, too."

"Now you're getting lachrymose."

"I'm getting thirsty, if that's what you mean. Excuse me, may I see your links?"

Our Stroller promptly showed them.

"Now yours," he challenged.

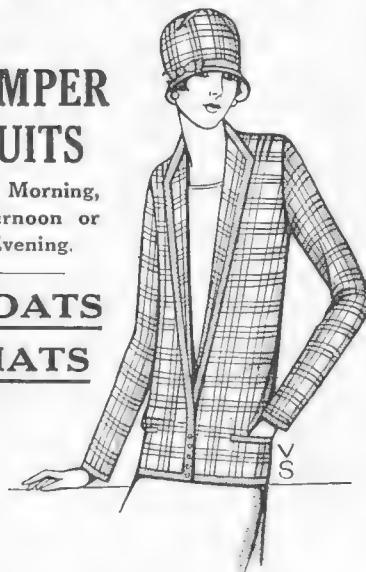
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AT THE SIGN OF THE CINEMA. BY MICHAEL ORME.

"DEVIL'S ISLAND."

THE opening chapters of "Devil's Island" are full of drama, swift-moving and arresting. Here is material worthy of Pauline Frederick's power and emotional intensity. An echo of the Dreyfus case rings through the trial and conviction of Jean Valyon, a clever Army surgeon. For a crime which he did not commit he is banished for life to the penal settlement in the Southern Pacific known as Devil's Island. His fiancée, Jeannette Picot, promises to wait until she can join the man she loves, nor could one doubt the loyalty and courage of this beautiful woman as she is realised by Pauline Frederick. After seven interminable years, Valyon is released on parole, though not beyond the confines of his tragic island home. So Jeannette comes to Devil's Island and mingles with the motley crowd of women who are waiting for the batch of released prisoners. Surely the strangest, most desolate marriage-market in the world, where a woman, be she depraved or ugly; black or white, may have a husband for the choosing. Valyon strays into the pandemonium with little thought of marriage or even of a friendly face, to be confronted by his sweetheart. She insists on marrying him, though it means life in the penal settlement for the rest of her days. The whole episode is strangely moving and exquisitely acted both by Pauline Frederick and Richard Tucker as Valyon.

But anon the interest switches off to the career and love-story of Jeannette's son, young Léon Valyon. The older Valyon

dies—much to our regret. Though there still remains the problem of Léon's future and the mother's steadfast determination that her boy, who promises to be a brilliant surgeon, shall escape the exile which his parents have brought upon him, the development of the story centres rather on an

with its atmosphere of desolation and staunch endeavour, remains a picture to be seen.

"THREE HOURS."

An unusual, and at times a poignant, story has been lifted from the pages of May Edington's book, "Purple and Fine Linen." Our attention is held at the outset by the pathetic figure in shabby coat and skirt drifting through the crowded thoroughfares, stopping ever and anon to beg from passers-by. This prologue—for prologue it proves to be—is admirably produced, the atmosphere created by a score of masterly touches. And Corinne Griffiths, the beautiful Corinne, manages to convey by the very set of her shoulders the utter dejection, the utter weariness, that have brought her to this desperate pass. Presently, chance enables her to rob a millionaire of his fat wallet. She hurries to a store. He tracks her down and meets her face to face, arrayed in "purple and fine linen." Here indeed is a weakness. For if it was this girl's purpose—as the subsequent story proves it was—to buy the elegant clothes of the costly kind she used to wear, in order to see her child, how could she hope to gain enough hard cash for the purchase in a few hours of "soliciting strangers"? Here is an unconvincing proposition which we have to accept for the sake of the story itself.

The millionaire is going to hand the girl over to the police, when her frenzied appeal for three hours' liberty moves him to clemency. He takes her home, gives her the food she so sorely needs, and hears her story. This story we witness as a "throw-back"—a story of a jealous and cruel husband, a wronged wife robbed of her baby, poverty, loneliness, and now, at last, a summons from the former husband to come and see her child. She stole to go

[Continued overleaf.]

THE SOLUTION TO THE CROSS-WORD
PUZZLE IN OUR ISSUE OF JULY 6.

unconvincing love-story with a little dancer, who sacrifices our interest by betraying her young lover in a fit of rage. All these later complications ring far less true than the introductory episodes, though Pauline Frederick, in her maternal fortitude and dignity, remains an impressive figure throughout. Finely and carefully produced, the film certainly gets away from the ordinary, and, in spite of the weakening of the theme towards the end, "Devil's Island"



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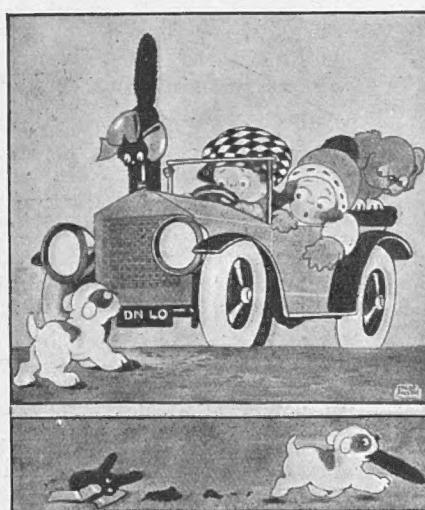
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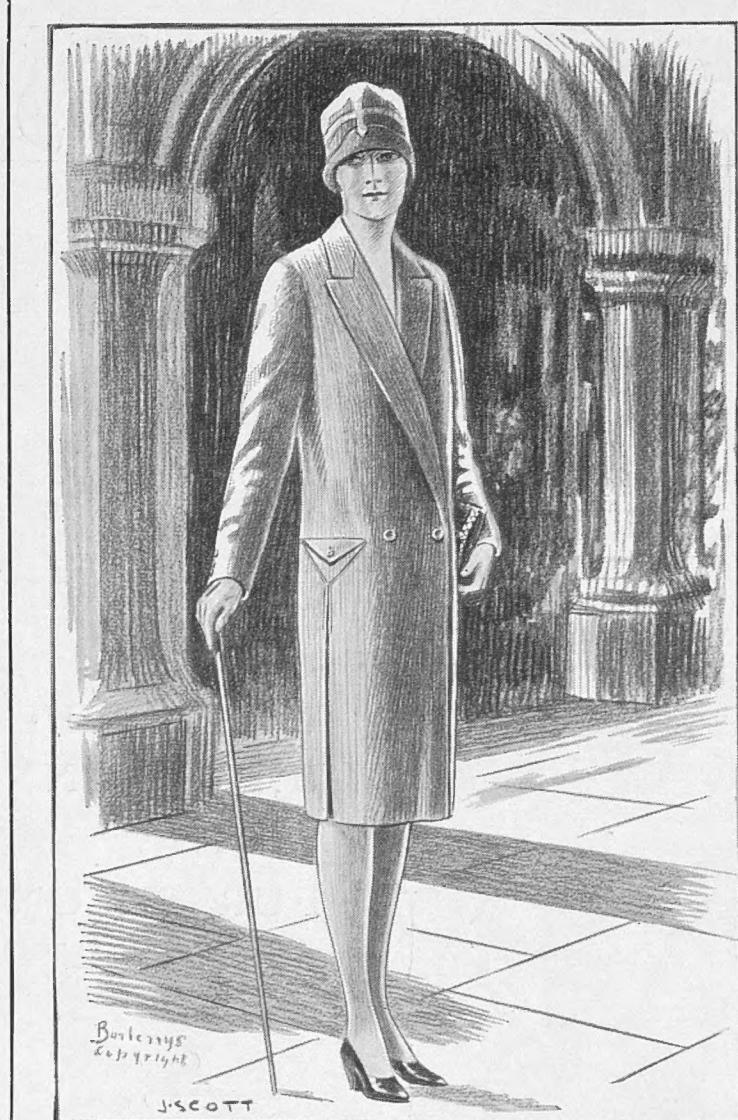
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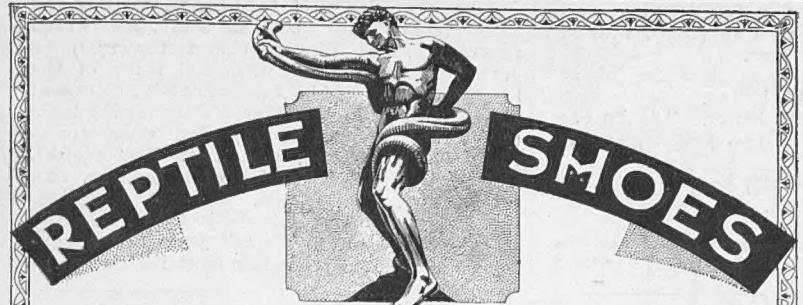
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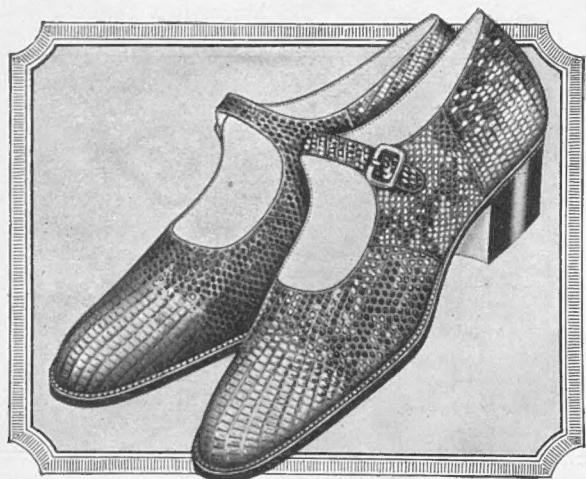
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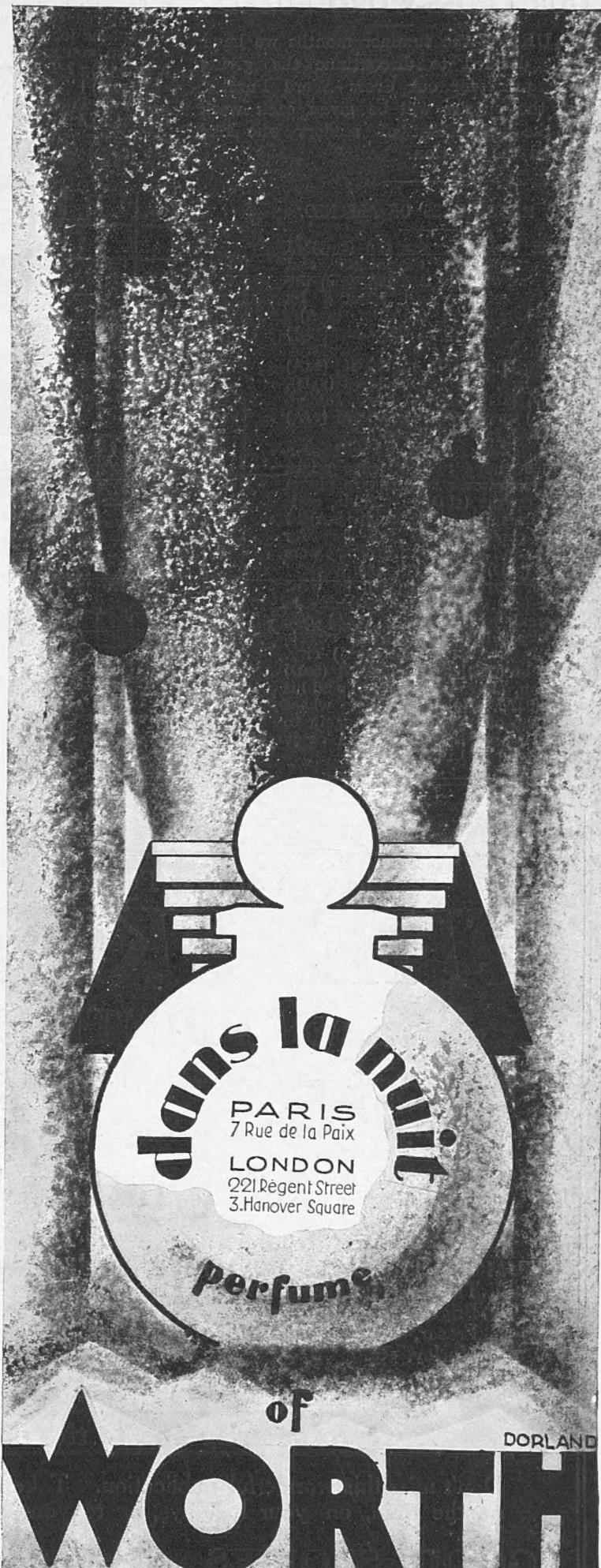
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OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

DURING the summer months we have decided to discontinue the giving of a prize for our Cross-Word Puzzles, but the puzzles will be given each week for the amusement of readers who like to find the solution.

THE MISFORTUNES OF ALFONZO.

WE resume the (24A) of that (37A) adventurer and social (14A), (8D) Alfonzo, (4D) the point where he (1A) reduced by (44D) (47A)ck to (66A)ing (23A)w (42D)s picked up in the Chica(22A) s(10D).

"A(63D), (45D) must, if (41A) would live," (5D) he declared (15D), " (34D) (2D) of (53A) learn, though I (18A) sure (64D) is in a hard (11A) for (26A) (25D) like me."

But, however (24D) and without a (46A) of hope his existence might (55A), or however re(13D)d to ply an (14D) on the (58D) of trouble, as it were, he might seem, such (30A)ent (57D) chance could not last for (7D)s, and his misfortunes were about (35D) to be rep(34A).

After the financial (3D), he went to Can(4A), where one (1D) day in Montreal he (43D)k a (54A)-car, and was (6D)ed through the streets of that by no means (62A) city. On it he (61D) a man named (60D) Johnson, an American (19A), and his wife (64A), a (9D) couple, to whose (36A) he o(6A) the chance again to su(42A) a congenial rôle, and as it were (29A) in Life's (31D).

Johnson, who had been a (12D)-maker, and who played billiards as well as (28D), wanted a manager for his world-tour.

"Can you see your way to take the job at a sa(65A)y?" he asked Alfonzo.

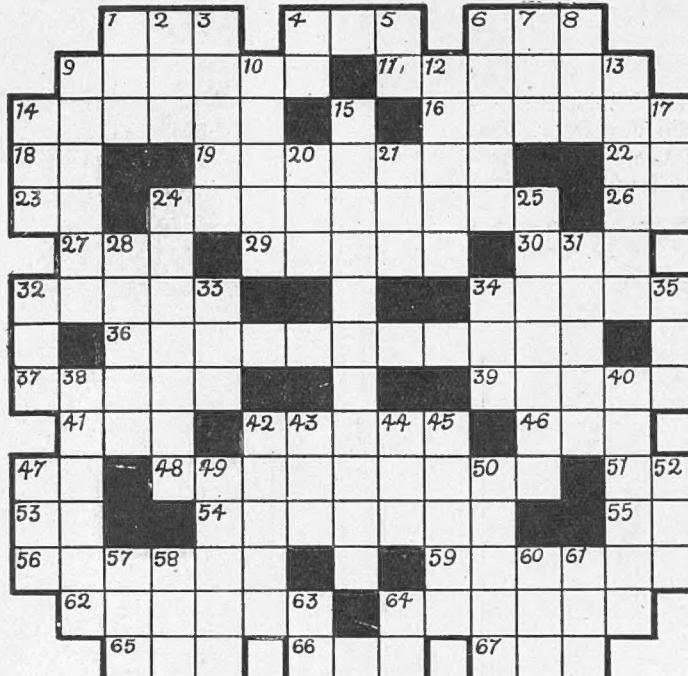
"(52D)!" (32D)ped the latter. "(33D) old (39A) could see it! But (51A) (47D)gage is represented by (27A)!"

Johnson gave him a (21D) box.

"(67A) that do," he said.

They travelled first to Europe, visiting the Swiss (50D), and (32A) in Italy, afterwards proceeding, via Singapore and Can(17D) to Japan. Here Alfonzo witnessed some of the lengthy native (59A). Unfortunately, at one of the tea-(38D) he encountered a charming little (56A), an (49D)eal being, clad in a somewhat (48A) kimono, who sang like a(16A), and danced to the tinkling of a *samisen*, and the loud clash of (40D)s.

Alfonzo raised his (9A) . . .
(Here words fail us! For a continuation see our next instalment.)



For Solution to the Cross-Word Puzzle in our issue of July 6,
see page xxxii.

AT THE SIGN OF THE CINEMA.—Continued.

to this longed-for meeting in a decent dress. Not altogether convinced, the millionaire goes with his strange guest to her strange and terrible rendezvous. For up at the big house the child lies dead in its coffin. The horrible hoax played on the woman is almost too harrowing, though, quite discreetly and legitimately, consolation in the millionaire's protective arms is finally indicated. Corinne Griffiths, usually doomed by her producers to do little more than exploit a lovely face and figure, plays the part of the sad heroine very finely. The dull despair of the first scenes is as ably conveyed as the emotional climax at the dead child's coffin. She finds excellent support from the strong and manly "hero" of John Bowers and the brutal, almost insanely cruel husband, played with merciless realism by Hobart Bosworth.

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